McClure's Magazine.

Vol. VIII. APRIL, 1897. No. 6.

"SON, THOU MUST LOVE ME!"

By Paul Verlaine.

Translated from the French by Gertrude Hall.

"Son, thou must love me! See—" my Saviour said,
"My heart that glows and bleeds, my wounded side,
My hurt feet that the Magdalene, wet-eyed,
Clasps kneeling, and my tortured arms outspread

"To bear thy sins. Look on the cross, stained red!
The nails, the sponge, that, all, thy soul shall guide
To love on earth where flesh thrones in its pride,
My Body and Blood alone, thy Wine and Bread.

"Have I not loved thee even unto death,
O brother mine, son in the Holy Ghost?
Have I not suffered, as was writ I must,

"And with thine agony sobbed out my breath?
Hath not thy nightly sweat bedewed my brow,
O lamentable friend that seek'st me now?"

From Poems of Paul Verlaine,
Translated by Gertrude Hall.
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A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.—THE NEW INTEREST IN DECORATIVE ART.—RECENT EXAMPLES IN THE UNITED STATES.—THREE GREAT MODERN DECORATORS.—PAUL BAUDRY, PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, AND PIERRE VICTOR GALLAND.

By Will H. Low.

INITIAL ADAPTED FROM A DRAWING BY LOUIS LELOIR.

THE ebb and flow of the tide of art disclose in each century, if not in each decade, certain tendencies—land-marks upon the sands of time—and as regularly blot them out. The surface over which the waves of temporary forgetfulness roll remains the same, however; and after nearly a century of strenuous realism and the production of multitudinous canvases from which the decorative element was banished, there is a reassertion of the principle established when art was young, that the chief function of a work of art is to beautify, to decorate, the space within which it is produced, and, by extension, the space surrounding it. Among the various art "movements" which have arisen within the United States since we have thought upon the subject of art, none has had a wider significance or has held more promise of lasting achievement than the present interest in the decoration of our buildings, public and private. In the latter, for twenty years, occasional efforts have been made. In public buildings the movement is so new that the decorations at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago may be said to have marked its initial step. This work was above all fraught with significance for our people, as the painters were all native to our soil. The Public Library at Boston and the Congressional Library at Washington were next in turn, the latter especially offering opportunities to a number of our best men, some of whom had, by work at Chicago and elsewhere, proved their fitness for the task, while others made therein their first effort at decorative work. The panels in the Court of Oyer and Terminer in New York, due to the initiative of the Municipal Art League, and a number of decorations in our newer hotels, enlarge the list. At present public interest is aroused, and it is not optimistic to foresee a time near at hand when no building of architectural pretensions will be erected without calling on the decorative artist to add to and complete the work by painting or sculpture which will not only beautify the edifice, but serve to accentuate the purpose for which it is designed.

The time is propitious, therefore, to consider, with too much brevity unfortunately, the work of three men who typically represent the best of modern decorative art, and by whose efforts largely the spirit of decoration has been kept alive, while the attention of their compeers has been virtually monopolized in the effort to attain a standard of truth to nature. Before considering the works of Baudry, Puvis de Chavannes, and Galland, it may be well briefly to explain the purposes of decorative painting in contradistinction to the detached easel picture.

In the practice of the earliest painters every picture was decorative, inasmuch as it was either painted in or for a special place. The easel picture, which represents an unrelated effort on the part of the painter to depict a scene or a subject independently of such special emplacement, is of comparatively modern growth. The little pictures which were the characteristic productions of the Holland painters were an exception to this rule, and from them, no doubt, the custom of holding exhibitions and of forming collections of paintings grew. Of so recent a date is this custom, however, that though painting was practised in Egypt, and the houses of

THE ABDUCTION OF PSYCHE. FROM A CEILING PAINTING BY PAUL BAUDRY, IN THE PALACE OF CHANTILLY.

This is one of the latest and best of Baudry's works, but from its size and subtlety of color difficult to reproduce adequately in black and white. It and the three pictures immediately following are reproduced by the special permission of Braun, Clement & Co., New York.

Pompeii were decorated, the first exhibition of paintings dates from the middle of the last century. The desire to beautify one's surroundings, which led the cave-dweller to decorate his bone implements, gave painting its first and its most legitimate impulse. With the practice of the art, principles were established. It was seen that a painting on a wall surface must have a relation to its environment, a certain architectural fitness. It was obvious that the representation of great distances between intervening objects in the picture would make, as it were, a hole in the wall which the architect desired to have retain its character as a partial support to the ceiling. The lines and the masses of a decorative composition must also be so studied as not to conflict with the lines or the masses designed by the architect to give grace, solidity, or impressiveness to his construction. That which was true of the greater was equally applicable to the lesser; for the early painters were not always occupied with cathedral vaults or palace ceilings. Their work was constantly demanded for the decoration of all manner of articles of daily use; everything which offered a surface for the artist's handicraft was decorated, as we are happily commencing anew to decorate to-day. The character of work as regarded its tone or color was again subject to the degree of light in which it was to be viewed.

These are all limitations, it is true, but

THE MUSIC OF GERMANY. FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BAUDRY IN THE FOYER OF THE GRAND OPERA, PARIS.

One of a series of oval panels wherein Baudry has symbolized the music of different nations.

they are the limitations by which art has grown in meaning, and within them the painter has before him the whole vast field of natural beauty and human emotion. When opportunity comes to him, it is with a generous hand. The spaces to be filled are ample, his creations can move with ease within their limits, the suggestion of his theme is half indicated by the purpose of the building; the disposition of his groups, the lines of his composition, are dictated by the architectural surroundings; and the work which he does will remain in the light for which it was designed. Moreover—and this to the modern artist is of the gravest import—he enters into the great family of artists who have been men of mark in the past, his work takes on a more general character than is possible for the easel picture, which, poor slave in the market, awaits the chance purchaser. In decorative work the qualities of mind and character find full scope, and from a great wall space an artist can well hope to send a message to his fellow-men of coming ages that will entitle him to a place among the workers who have made the world.

> "Not from a vain or shallow thought
> His awful Jove young Phidias brought."

We must turn to France to find our typical examples of decorative work, as we have done already in other fields of art endeavor. Other European countries have given signs of sporadic interest in deco-

A PANEL PAINTED BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES FOR THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIEND AND CONFRÈRE, LEON BONNAT, PARIS.

This idyllic work is entitled "Doux Pays," a phrase which in its literal rendering (Sweet Land) scarcely conveys the impression conveyed by the painting itself, of a land where the day is always young, and life always simple and gracious.

ration, and in a more extended survey of the subject would call for consideration; but no country save France has produced a decorative painter of the rank of Paul Baudry.

Like so many of her greatest men, the painter was of peasant stock: his father was a maker of wooden shoes, the *sabots* worn by the peasants. Paul Jacques Aimée Baudry was born November 7, 1828, at Roche-sur-Yon, in the province of La Vendée. From earliest childhood he was his father's companion in the woods where he plied his trade, and in deference to his parent's love for music was at first destined to become a violinist. A born painter,

WINTER. DECORATIVE PANEL BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES IN THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.

The painting is especially interesting for the use made in it of the landscape as a decorative feature.

THE INFANCY OF SAINT GENEVIÈVE. FROM A PAINTING BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES ON THE WALLS OF THE PANTHÉON, PARIS.

The subject represents a bishop of the early church, who, on his way to England and Ireland to convert the savage inhabitants of those countries, is struck by the piety and innocence of the little girl who in later life was known as Saint Geneviève and became the patron saint of Paris. The landscape represents the environs of Paris, with Mont-Valérien in the distance. The pious Gauls, profiting by the presence of the missionary, seek his blessing, bring their sick to be cured, and gather around the bishop and the child. In the foreground mariners prepare a bark to carry the missionary to England. Something of the contrast between this and the Laurens opposite is lost here, inasmuch as the reproduction fails to convey a sense of the extreme lightness of the Puvis de Chavannes.

THE DEATH OF SAINT GENEVIÈVE. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS ON THE WALLS OF THE PANTHÉON, PARIS.

This noble and dignified picture gives the closing scene in the life of the patron saint of Paris, whose childhood furnishes the subject for Puvis de Chavannes's equally impressive and more strictly decorative composition shown on the opposite page.

however, he was but thirteen years old when he was placed with the only artist of the little town, one Sartoris, who, a mason by trade, had nevertheless, from his love of art, succeeded in studying for a couple of years in Paris. After two years the pupil had so far outstripped the master that on Sartoris's recommendation the municipal council of his native town gave Baudry an allowance of one hundred and twenty dollars a year in order that he might pursue his studies in Paris. Here, in 1844, he became the pupil of Drolling, and though his little allowance was later somewhat augmented by the departmental authorities, he lived a life of hardship, supported by the fervor of his ambition and industry. He had the determination to occupy one of the places of honor which are freely accorded to great painters in France, and later in life in one of his letters he recalls that, on the night when he left his native town, he stopped before a statue erected in honor of one of his townsmen and made a childish vow that he in his turn would reflect honor on his birthplace. His courage sustained him through two successive failures to obtain the Prix de Rome, which was won at the third trial in 1850. In the life of Baudry written by Charles Ephrussi and published (in French) by Ludovic Baschet, Paris, 1887, are given many of his letters, and nothing speaks more clearly of the distinguished intelligence of Baudry than the charm of his writing and the extent of his culture, which is surprising considering the fact that from the age of thirteen he had no other education than that acquired in the leisure of his art studies.

To follow Baudry through his career step by step is denied me here, but from the first, in Rome, he was gradually forming the basis of a style which availed him when, long after his return to Paris, he was given the most important decorative commission of modern times, comprising thirty-three separate panels, including three large ceiling panels, a painted surface of five hundred square metres. This commission, given in 1865, was for the foyer of the Paris Grand Opera, and before that time, and since his return from Rome in 1857, Baudry had become celebrated as a painter of portraits, of figure pictures, and had executed a number of minor decorations.

Before commencing the Opera decorations, Baudry returned to Rome, in 1864, and there made a series of full-sized copies of the prophets, colossal figures forming part of Michael Angelo's frescos in the Sistine Chapel. The year 1868 found him in London, copying the cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court, still bent on preparation for his great work. In 1870 he was again in Italy, but the war with Germany called him home, and it was not until its close, and after serving in the army during the conflict, that he began the final work for the Opera, which occupied him until 1874. The entire series was then exhibited in the École des Beaux Arts before being placed in position in the foyer of the Opera.

If I only consulted my recollection of this series at that time I would be tempted to consider them the crowning achievement of Baudry's life. And to a degree they are this, undoubtedly. Frequent study of the complete decoration in place, however, and the after development of the painter would incline me to give this work my warmest admiration without the added grace of the respect, coupled with admiration, due to a painter who has added a new and more personal quality to that of the complete mastery shown in the decoration of the Opera.

Baudry had been, up to this time, a most admirable student, had accepted the tenets of the Academy, and, with the classic influence of Rome, had so profited by them as to have become a nineteenth century Raphael. The characterization is only chronologically correct, however, for of the nineteenth century but little had appeared in his work. I am here only considering him as a decorative painter, and must perforce leave out of consideration his portraits and pictures, which would not however (save that his portraits were admirably characteristic and consequently contemporaneous in all except method of painting) change the limitation. From the time, however, when he left the lofts in the Opera House, where he had lived in the company of his great canvases for over four years, he was changed. He had served his apprenticeship, and from that time dared be himself. Surely no man had ever done so brilliant, so noble a 'prentice task, but from its inception he had been under the yoke of the ancients, and now he took his place beside them.

Unfortunately, no work of like magnitude came his way during the rest of his life, and the evidence in support of my view can only be found in detached fragments, though even these fragmentary works are of considerable scope. He was given a commission for the Panthéon, a series of panels portraying the life of Joan of Arc,

ABELARD TEACHING. A DECORATIVE PANEL BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENG IN THE NEW SORBONNE, PARIS.

An example of the current decorative work of modern France, where, thanks to the solid training of the schools, a painter well known from his charming *genre* subjects, but not especially gifted as a decorator, approaches his task with intelligence and capacity. The reconstitution of ancient Paris, with Notre Dame in course of construction in the background, and the depiction of the mediæval type of scholar, add interest to the composition.

which from the slight sketches which he had made before his death would have been a larger page of the same character as "The Abduction of Psyche," here reproduced, and the "Vision of St. Hubert," and would have formed a worthy pendant for the noble St. Geneviève of Puvis de Chavannes in the same building. But the close of the Opera work had found him bankrupt in health and in pocket, and the man who had passed eight years in the preparation and production of this colossal work had been so poorly paid ($28,000) that we find him borrowing five hundred francs from his friend, Charles Garnier, the architect of the Opera, in order to follow his physician's orders and go to Egypt. He had many charges. He had cared for the education of his brothers and sisters (of whom he had eleven!), and for years Paris had besieged his doors with commissions for portraits and easel pictures. A number of these occupied the next few years, though not to the exclusion of decorative work; the "Glorification of the Law," for the ceiling of the Court of Cassation, and ceilings for Mr. W. K. and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's houses in New York, being produced in 1881 and 1882.

Through all this work, the portraits not excepted, the new Baudry appears. His color takes on a crystalline clearness; the sense of light and air, those essentially nineteenth century conquests, predominates. A charming composition representing Diana driving away a too inquisitive cupid, appears to have been used by the painter as a test of his progress. In the exhibition held after his death in 1886, at the École des Beaux Arts, there were, if my memory serves me, no less than five replicas of this subject, repeating substantially the same composition, the first painted in 1857 and the last shortly before his death. The earliest in date was a charming picture, full of grace and sentiment, which might, however, have been painted by an Italian of the Renaissance period. But the last, in its frank recognition of the truth of out-of-door effect, could only have been painted in this century—and by Baudry. One of his later works, in 1884, was "The Abduction of Psyche," executed for the palace of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly, and it is one of his best. It has the charm which was Baudry's greatest quality and which in no manner takes away from his power. Charm to the degree here typified stands on the plane of qualities dignified by graver names, but no more difficult of achievement and no less rare in art, and though the painter's indomitable energy and superb technical equipment enabled him to acquire these other and alleged greater qualities, they were acquisitions, and he was at his best—as lesser men may be—when he was himself. With many years of work apparently before him, which in his case meant further development, he died, after a short illness, on the 17th of January, 1886.

Pierre-Cécile Puvis de Chavannes, standing in as high a place as Baudry, forms a complete contrast and gives new proof of the manifold manifestations of the art instinct. The contrast of his work is carried out by the circumstances of his life. Born at Lyons on December 14, 1824, of a family in easy circumstances, he was thirty-five years of age before he exhibited his first picture at the Salon in 1859. This does not appear to have been decorative in character, but in 1861 he commenced a series of decorations for the museum at Amiens which were finished five years later. A large picture of a semi-decorative style was the first of his works of which I had personal knowledge. It was exhibited in the Salon of 1873, and it was not strongly marked with the characteristics which we have come to regard as the distinctive marks of the master. The following year, 1874, he exhibited the "Victory of Charles Martel over the Saracens," now in the City Hall of Poitiers, a panel marked by all the simplicity of drawing and delicacy of tone of his later work, but withal so little understood by the critics and public that to avow an appreciation of its merits was the signal for a hot discussion. Many years later, in 1892, I was so fortunate as to know the great painter slightly, and on my explaining that my admiration for his work dated back to the time when with Charles Martel I had "broken lances" for victory with the unbelievers, he laughed and said: "Many lances were broken before my works received the slightest commendation, and for many years with each successive Salon I enjoyed the distinction of being the chief target for the critics' arrows."

In 1876–77, however, Paris saw, for the first time, one of his works in place, the series representing the infancy of St. Geneviève in the Panthéon, and then, to the credit of Paris be it said, the triumph was complete. The reproduction in these pages will, to a degree, enable the reader to appreciate the distinctly mural character of the work. The panels are placed on the wall of the nave of the Panthéon, in a vast

THE MAKERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. FROM THE ORIGINAL CARTOON BY PIERRE VICTOR GALLAND.

One of the panels in the corridor of the Hôtel de Ville (City Hall) of Paris, depicting the industries of the city.

interior of light yellowish-gray stone almost unrelieved by ornament of any description. They are separated from the wall only by a painted border of conventionalized laurel leaves, and are intersected by huge half columns projecting from the walls. In the midst of the vast gray structure the panels fit admirably.

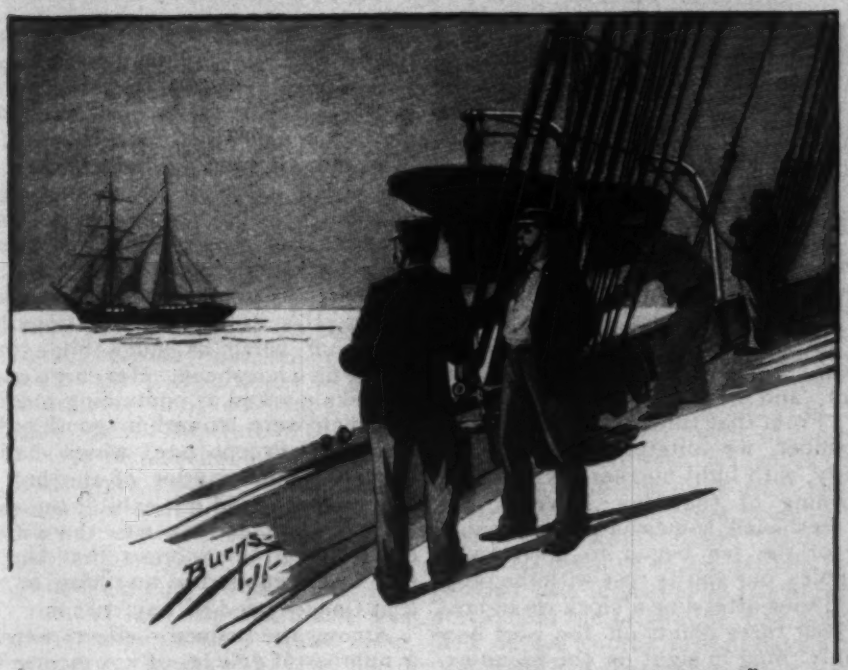
While Baudry's decorations were conceived in the spirit of the later Italian Renaissance, which, anxious to display a wealth of acquired knowledge of light and shade and perspective, frequently overstepped the limits of mural treatment, Puvis de Chavannes's work traces its descent from the primitive masters of Tuscany, who, happily inspired, never violated these laws. Much has been written of Puvis's inheritance from these masters, and the current in the sea of art which bears his bark undoubtedly flows from that direction. But the current has borne the later artist to fair and strange lands which he has made his own. This is no timid navigator of the fourteenth century, but a hardy mariner of our own day, fully equipped with the knowledge of our time. His use of landscape alone proclaims him a follower of Corot rather than of Benozzo Gozzoli. Great draughtsman of the human figure in the complete sense that Baudry was he is not, and in the earlier works, where he was apparently solicitous of conciliating academic standards, his drawing is that of the careful student, correct but more interesting from the glimmer of personality which transpires: a correctness devoid of freedom. In his later work the whole impression is to him of so much more importance than any part that we find figures of great nobility of aspect, of essentially characteristic silhouette, deficient in details of form or of faulty construction. It can only be said that we must take his work as a whole to much the same degree as we do that of Millet, with whom he has certain resemblances. For the rest, he is wholly admirable. No decorator of any time has had a more instinctive sense in composition of what in architecture would be called the voids and the solids. The disposition in his case of masses of figures or of objects relieved by spaces void of accent is uniformly happy and of great variety. He succeeds as no other decorator has done in giving an impression of vast space and distance by a scheme of attenuated light and shade, never approaching the brightest light or the deepest shadow, but conveying the sense of the diffused light of day in a manner which the most rabid plein-airist might envy, without disturbing the surface of the wall on which his tranquil vision bathed in delicate color rests.

We are fortunate in possessing in the Boston Public Library one of Puvis de Chavannes's works, in a position accessible to the general public, and if my reader will approach this work with a realizing sense of the purpose of a wall painting, untrammeled by a prejudice in favor of painting which seeks to impress by a wax-work fidelity to reality, he will appreciate the merits of a work nobly conceived, simply executed, and absolutely decorative in character.

In the Panthéon, in close proximity to the work of Puvis de Chavannes, is a similar decoration by another great painter, Jean Paul Laurens. It is perhaps his capital work, and, like that of Puvis, is conceived and carried out in a masterly fashion. The contrast is forcible, and to the detriment of Laurens, who has remained the painter of realistic tendencies which a long line of pictures has proclaimed him to be. Here the gamut of color and light and shade is carried from the top to the bottom of the scale, with the result that we look from the pale walls of the building into a cave where a scene of real life is being enacted, which we follow in the obscurity and find interesting as a picture but not as a decoration. In intensity of significance it loses even in comparison with the decoration of Puvis, which is clear as to its meaning at the first glance, while the very success of Laurens in giving the impression of a crowded room leads the eye by an infinity of details away from the dominant actor in the scene.

Curiously enough, the same impression is given by the work of a trained decorator within the same walls. Galland, who, by training as a scene painter and as an architect and as a most thorough student and designer of ornament, had fitted himself as an all-round decorator, failed when called upon to rival Puvis de Chavannes on the walls of the Panthéon. His decoration, a scene from the life of St. Denis, is crowded and unintelligible, filled with charming figures, taken singly, but so confused that the quality of a decoration, which should arrest and instantly satisfy the beholder, is lost. Fortunately, this is a single instance of failure on the part of a man who counted many successes. His place is a minor one, for with all the store of decorative knowledge which he possessed, his personality as an artist was less than that of Baudry or of Puvis de Chavannes. He was, however, more thoroughly trained for the work of a decorator than either of these, and was as capable of conceiving and executing a scheme of decoration of purely ornamental character as of covering successfully great wall spaces in which the human figure played the chief part. Born of French parents at Geneva, in Switzerland, July 15, 1822, he died in Paris on the morning of December 1, 1892, having passed away in his sleep. Within the time comprised within these two dates he had accomplished a vast amount of work, too great to even enregister here. Paris, London, St. Petersburg, and New York (in the house of the late W. H. Vanderbilt) are all indebted to him for decorative work. With a sincere love for decoration in all its branches, he gave the same attention to ornament as to the figure, and by a course of study under Labrouste in the school of architecture in the École des Beaux Arts he had mastered the principles of the "mother of arts" to such a degree that he was constantly called upon to do work of a purely ornamental character in conjunction with architects. The series of beautiful borders which surround the pictured decorations of the Panthéon were designed by him, and the corridors of the new Hôtel de Ville of Paris have, from his hand, a most beautiful series of interlacing ornaments, in the midst of which are designs representing the trades of the city, while circular medallions of admirably designed nude figures represent the sciences.

Galland was influential in founding and sustaining the Museum of Decorative Art in Paris, and conducted in the École des Beaux Arts a school for training decorative painters. He made also numerous designs for tapestry which were carried out at the governmental works of the Gobelins. In all he was, perhaps, the best trained decorator that the world has seen, for no man of ancient or modern times has possessed so complete an education in all the branches of the art, as among the ancients the means for its acquirement were not so thoroughly established as in modern times, and among the moderns none other has possessed the courage or the capacity to be equally versatile. That this very quality may not be answerable for the lack of the personal note which prevented him from leaving a masterpiece comparable to the foyer of the Opera by Baudry or the greatest work by Puvis de Chavannes, is a question. His qualities, however, are those which it behooves the student to acquire, and his example is to be commended at a time when our walls are being prepared for the decorator to come.



"I MADE HER OUT TO BE A SMART-LOOKING AND BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED CRAFT."

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE "EMILY BRAND" BRIGANTINE.

By Andrew Hussey Allen.

I HARDLY suppose that any one will believe this story. Indeed I would hesitate to tell it were it not that its principal events are to be found recorded in the correspondence of the Department of State, at Washington, and in the official reports of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Gibraltar, both of which sources of verification are, I have no doubt, accessible to the reader. I have myself seen the despatches of our consul at Gibraltar and can vouch for their substantial correctness.

I was at Nice, where I had been sent a month earlier a tardy and restless convalescent, when, on the morning of November 20th, I found among my letters at breakfast one from my old friend Jack Drayton, dated two days earlier "On board the 'Nomad,' Marseilles Harbor," and begging me to go for a cruise to the Azores with him. His fellow-voyagers, he wrote, had deserted him at Malta to go crusading to Jerusalem with some friends they had met there, and he urged me to go on this cruise with him as well on account of my health as on his account.

I called on my doctor, who agreed with Drayton that the voyage would set me squarely on my feet again, and as I knew of nothing that I would like better, I decided to go. I packed my trunks, took the early train for Marseilles, and boarded the yacht on the afternoon of the next day at five o'clock, and by eight the following morning we were under way.

The "Nomad" was a schooner of 230 tons, staunchly built for ocean cruising, and luxuriously equipped and furnished. Besides the captain, two mates, steward, cook, and Jack Drayton's servant, she carried a crew of seventeen men. Her owner was himself an able seaman, and his yacht was his home. He and I were such old friends and had lived together for so many years that we not only did not fear tiring of each other, but were reasonably sure of very good company. On this occasion, however, we had a companion in Roy, a thoroughbred English mastiff that Drayton, who was very fond of animals, had taken to sea with him for the two preceding years. I never had appreciated

before this cruise how much of a companion a dog could be. Roy quite won my heart. Unprejudiced by my affection for him, I think he was the noblest animal I have ever known. Stately, high-bred, intelligent, and lovable, he was "a gentleman and a scholar" from the jet of his handsome muzzle to the tip of his tawny tail.

We ran down the Mediterranean to the Straits with a fair, fast wind, feeling, as we passed the fortress, that we were well started on our voyage. But outside, on the ocean, Æolus became capricious, as is his wont, and bestowed his favors elsewhere. From that time on, until the fifth of December, we loitered sadly and uneventfully, with light northerly winds. On the morning of that day, however, the breeze freshened somewhat, the smooth surface of the sea began to glitter with little ripples, our spirits rose with the prospect, and soon after nine o'clock we sighted a sail about three points off the port bow—the only thing in sight on the broad expanse of blue, shining ocean. By noon we had approached the stranger near enough to see that she was a brigantine under short sail, and in a little while we were within hailing distance. Taking the glass, I made her out to be a smart-looking and beautifully modelled craft, and after a few minutes I read the name in gilt letters on her quarter as "Emily Brand." Except her jib and a staysail, she had not a stitch of canvas set. As I looked she impressed me with a sense of deathlike stillness, desolation, and mystery, and I could see that her wheel was loose, and that there was no one on her deck. The slight breeze that still prevailed was from the north, and the brigantine was on the starboard tack, while the yacht, as she had been for several days, was on the port tack.

I handed the glass to Drayton, who, after a short survey, told Captain Parker to hail. The captain, as we neared her, called repeatedly in stentorian tones, but no answer came, and no sign of life appeared on board the strange vessel. Finally, when within three hundred yards of her, we shortened sail, had a boat lowered away, and Drayton and I, with the first mate of the "Nomad" and two seamen, rowed alongside. Slowly drifting to leeward, she was barely moving, and Jamieson, the mate, clambered aboard by the gear of the bowsprit. He threw us a line, and, making the boat fast, we quickly followed him. He and the two men went forward, while Drayton and I, crossing the deck to the companionway, which we found open, entered the cabin. It was empty. The men forward likewise finding no one, we all five searched the vessel fore and aft, and high and low. There was not a living being besides ourselves on board. She had evidently been deserted. But why? She was seemingly perfectly sound, and we failed to discover the least apparent cause for her abandonment. Her hold was exceptionally dry, there not being as much bilge in it as would fill a hogshead. Her cargo consisted of casks marked as containing alcohol, all of which were stowed in good order and condition except one, which had been started. The exterior of the hull above the water line did not exhibit the slightest trace of damage, nor was there the least evidence on the interior that the vessel had been repaired in any way or was at that time in need of any repairs.

Among the seamen's effects were found a number of articles of not inconsiderable value, going to show that the men were comparatively well-to-do and apparently in a great measure free from the too common prodigality of their class. We also found that the vessel was amply provisioned and that she had plenty of good water in her casks.

Of her cabin I must say that I had no idea there was a merchantman afloat so comfortably and attractively equipped in this respect. The apartment was large, high, and well lighted, with four staterooms opening from it—two forward and two aft. On either side, along the bunks, were broad, thick hair cushions of crimson stuff. In the center the table with leaves was stationary, while in the space between the staterooms forward was a harmonium, open; and aft, in the corresponding space, stood a sewing-machine, also uncovered. On a chair beside the harmonium lay several music books and loose sheets of music, and on the sewing-machine we found a pattern in muslin, evidently a child's garment in process of making, besides a small phial of machine oil, a spool of cotton, and a thimble, all three in a perpendicular position: a fact which afforded additional proof that the vessel could not have encountered any stress of weather—not even enough, indeed, to upset these lightly balanced articles.

In the forward port stateroom, under the berth, we found an open box containing panes of glass packed in hay and unbroken. Hanging on the partition

opposite the berth, in the starboard stateroom forward, we found a cutlass of somewhat ancient pattern, which, on extracting it from its scabbard, I discovered to be stained with what seemed to me to be blood. I called Drayton's attention to this, and, after examining it, he agreed with me and concluded that we had perhaps found a clue to the mystery. Later along we discovered marks on the main rail, apparently of blood, but by that time we had been forced to give up the idea that there had been any violence on board the vessel, by the perfect order in which we had found everything on board. The remaining articles of furniture in the cabin were two large easy-chairs upholstered in leather, and several smaller, lighter chairs. The carpet was a heavy Brussels, and the wood work was painted a pale, soft gray, with bluish trimmings. All the brass mountings and the lamps were bright and shining, and, in fact, the apartment was pervaded no less by an air of quiet order than of mystery. It was clear that it had been occupied in part by a woman and child, and these we naturally supposed to be the wife and child of the captain.

Our charts showed that we had boarded the derelict in latitude 38° 20′ north, longitude 17° 15′ west. In its proper place we found her log-book, but her chronometer, manifest, and bills of lading were missing. The log showed that the last day's work of the vessel had been on the twenty-fourth of November, sea time, when the weather had allowed an observation to be taken that placed her in latitude 36° 56′ north, longitude 27° 20′ west. The entries on her slate log were, however, carried down to eight o'clock of the morning of the twenty-fifth, at which hour she had passed from west to east to the north of the island of St. Mary's (Azores), the eastern point of which then bore south-southwest, six miles distant. The distance in longitude from the island of St. Mary's to the point at which we fell in with the "Emily Brand" is 7° 54′; the corrected distance of the latitude from the position last indicated in the log is 1° 18′ north; and the brigantine had apparently held on her course for ten days after the twenty-fifth of November, the wheel being loose all the time. But during the period from the twenty-fifth of November to the fifth of December the wind had been more

"I DISTINCTLY SAW A MAN STEP FROM THE RAIL AT THE PORT QUARTER."

or less from the north continuously, and it appeared to us impossible that the derelict could have covered within that time a distance of 7° 54′ east, at any rate on the starboard tack. The obvious inference was, therefore, that she had not been abandoned until several days after the last entry made in the log.

Drayton, who was nothing if not practical when occasion required, at once set about making his arrangements to work our prize to Gibraltar. He despatched the mate and the two men back to the yacht with orders to have Parker select five men from the crew, one to be in authority as sailing master, and send them aboard the brigantine prepared to take up their quarters. Meanwhile he returned to the cabin to look over the log-book again, and some papers we had found in the captain's room, and I went forward to poke about in the seamen's quarters, which were to be occupied by the "Nomad's" men.

Fifteen minutes later, standing by the foremast facing aft, I struck a match to light my cigar. As I raised my eyes from doing so, I distinctly saw a man step from the rail at the port quarter, move quickly across the deck, and disappear in the companionway. At the moment I caught but the briefest glimpse of his face and figure; but they were not to be forgotten. He seemed to have clambered aboard from the sea, for he was dripping wet and hatless, and his light hair was matted or glued about his head and face by the water, while his clothes clung to his body and limbs, and glistened and dripped in the sunlight. His figure was gigantic. His face and trunk were bloated or distended, like those of a man who has been drowned, and the former, without a vestige of color, was ghastly horrible and expressionless, even to the eyes, beyond the possibility of description. I was naturally startled and shocked by the suddenness of his appearance and his extraordinary condition; but not so much so that I failed to shout "Hallo there!" as I got sight of him. He neither answered nor hesitated; he did not even look towards me, but, almost as I uttered the words, disappeared, as I have said, down the companionway. I hurried aft and entered the cabin. There alone, with his feet on a chair before him and the log-book on his knees, was Drayton, quite calm, and half-facing the companionway. I looked around, saw no one else (all the stateroom doors were wide open), and exclaimed in amazement, "Where is he?"

"Where is who?" drawled Drayton.

"The fellow," I replied, "who just came in here. Wake up, Jack! I saw the man come in here this moment. He is here somewhere," I added, searching from room to room in vain, and trying to open a door in the forward starboard stateroom, leading, as I supposed, into the between-decks space. The door was fast, and bolted on my side of it.* No one had gone through there.

I turned back to the cabin, where my companion stood gazing at me curiously. He stepped towards me, looked at me very closely, and then said sharply:

"What's the matter with you, old man; are you out of your mind? How could any one have come in here without my seeing him?"

I described the man, and added that I could swear I had seen him enter the cabin three seconds before me.

Finally, somewhat impressed by my positiveness, Drayton, in spite of himself, went on deck, I following, and hailing the yacht, he called out: "Let the men, when the boat comes over, bring the dog with them." And then, to me, "If there is any one on board here Roy will find him though we can't."

As we turned back to the cabin I noticed that that part of the deck over which I had seen the stranger pass, dripping with water, five minutes before, was perfectly dry, as were also the brass plates on the companion-ladder down which I had seen him disappear. This discovery bothered me not a little, as may be readily imagined. Still I remained firm in my conviction that I had actually seen the man, and had not, as Drayton evidently believed, simply suffered an optical illusion.

I paced the deck until the yacht's boat arrived with the men and Roy. When they had boarded the brigantine Drayton came on deck again, and we made another thorough search of her with the dog running on ahead and with the aid of two bull's-eye lanterns that the men had brought over. This second search was as fruitless of result as the first. By the time we had finished it was after five o'clock, and we were at the point of returning to the yacht, to prepare for dinner, when we decided that it would be best to

* We afterwards opened this door and discovered that it led into the between-decks space, where we found amidships, adjoining the cabin, the ship's store-room, which we had entered and examined during our original search of the vessel. On either side of this store-room were arranged a number of casks of alcohol, which composed the cargo. There was nothing else to be found, and no possible corner where any one could have been concealed. Our original entrance to this part of the brigantine had been through the main hatch, from the deck above.

lock the cabin. We entered it for that purpose, and after having secured the doors of the staterooms, and closed the ports, we turned to leave it, Drayton preceding me towards the deck. Half-way up the companionway it suddenly occurred to me that I had left my cigar-case on the table, and I returned to get it. As I again stepped into the apartment I saw, clearly defined, at the upper end of the bunk on the starboard side upon the partition, close by the stateroom door, the shadow in profile of the face and figure of a man. The shadow appeared to be cast by some very tall person sitting on the bunk to my right, forward; but there was no one there, as a matter of course. I began to doubt the evidence of my senses, and stood for a moment looking about me in bewilderment. Recovering myself, however, I approached the corner, convinced that the dark gray shadow was a stain upon the paint. Apparently it was not. From the chair near the harmonium I took a loose sheet of music, and, holding it between the shadow and the light, I looked behind it and perceived that that portion of the shadow—a part of the head and face—between which and the light I had interposed the obstacle had been obliterated. On looking at the surface of the paper in my hand, I beheld the missing portion of the shadow clearly silhouetted thereon. Having thus satisfied myself that it was a shadow, and one cast by some (to me) invisible and impalpable thing or substance, I hardly need add that I became somewhat excited. I shouted to Drayton, who immediately ran back into the cabin, followed by the dog. His examination of the phenomenon resulted exactly as mine had. On turning, at its conclusion, to speak to Roy, we found to our surprise that he had left us. Although we tried our best, neither by persuasion nor command could we move him to enter the cabin again. We looked at each other nonplussed, Drayton and I, and I am willing to confess that mingled with my feeling of triumph at having thus convinced him that there were others at work besides ourselves aboard the mysterious derelict, was an uncomfortable consciousness that the weird annoyance was beginning to tell on my nerves and to excite my imagination disagreeably as to what was to come next. Still I entertained not the least doubt that we were the victims of some vulgar jugglery practised upon us for some unexplained reason by hidden human agents. I was morally positive that this was the case. I had not, of course, had time to reason with myself as to the logic of the conclusion, but it was the only natural one, and certainly no other explanation of what I had seen occurred to me. Consideration of possible supernatural causes or solutions was out of the question with both of us. Jack Drayton was as free from all superstitious fancies as he was incapable of fear, and I may claim to have been his counterpart in the former respect.

Slowly, as we looked upon it, the strange shadow faded out. After a vain search of half an hour, and fruitless experiments with the lights and shadows of the cabin, we locked the companionway and returned to the yacht to dine.

By eight o'clock, having completed our arrangements, we went back to the brigantine to pass the night in her cabin. Roy received us on deck, and we tried again, but in vain, to induce him to enter the apartment with us. His refusal annoyed us both. It was incomprehensible. We, however, prepared ourselves for the night. Drayton established himself in the forward starboard corner on the bunk, looking aft —the shadow's corner. I made myself comfortable in the port corner aft, diagonally opposite and facing him. We thus between us commanded a full view of the cabin and the four staterooms, the doors of which we had reopened. The dog roamed restlessly about the decks until a little before midnight, when I heard him lie down across the entrance to the companionway.

At a quarter to one o'clock—I looked at my watch at the moment—without any premonition, the three cabin lamps—one over Drayton's head, one over mine, and one in the centre, over the table—suddenly became dim. This was surprising, as we had carefully filled and trimmed them all before lighting them. I got up to examine that nearest me, turning my back to Drayton. As I did so I heard the peculiar double click of the hammer of a pistol. Turning again, I saw my companion, with his cocked revolver in hand, step to the floor. His face was pale and rigid, and his eyes fierce and fixed. He moved to the table and raised the weapon. With an indescribable sensation of dread I looked in the direction of his aim, and there, not five feet from where I stood, on the inside edge of one of the ports, I saw a large, coarse, bloated hand clinging, and behind it, outside, at the shoulder, the ghastly, brutal face of the man I had seen

cross the deck in the afternoon. The dull, lead-colored eyes seemed peering into the cabin. Almost overcome by mingled horror and disgust (I can convey no idea of the loathesomeness of this man's appearance), I was somewhat relieved by the cold, clear tones of Drayton's voice, as I heard him say:

"Now, my man, I have you in range. I'm a passable shot, and if you move, I shall fire. Who are you? and what devilry are you engaged in here?"

There was no reply. After a pause, Drayton spoke again:

"I intend to have an answer. If you don't speak up before I say three, I shall fire, anyway. We are not to be trifled with."

Still there was no reply; and after a pause of about ten seconds, Drayton counted very slowly, "one—two—three," and then followed the flash and report of a pistol.

The man at the porthole did not move. Drayton, with wonderful nerve, raised the weapon again; but even as he did so the face and hand disappeared. Not instantly; but, as if drawn slowly back, they seemed to be swallowed up in the darkness without. As they faded away, the light in the cabin waned again; and crying to me, "Stay where you are, and keep the dog with you" (the dog had bounded into the cabin, half involuntarily, I suppose, at the report of the pistol), Drayton hurried on deck.

I seized Roy's collar, and, at the moment, the doors of all four staterooms, although there was not the slightest lurch of the vessel, slowly but steadily swung and silently closed, as did also the skylights, the ports, and the sliding hatch and doors of the companionway, shutting me in alone with the dog.

My recollection of what followed is perfectly clear—nay, vivid—but it is not in my power to write an adequate description of it. All I can do is to relate what occurred as I actually saw and felt it. Appreciation of the horror of my position I must leave, with but an intimation of it, to the imagination of the reader.

On finding myself thus closed in, my first undefined idea, naturally, was to reach the deck and call Drayton. I was startled, but I do not think that I was afraid at first. Some new trick was about to be played upon us, and I wanted him to see what it was with me. It did not occur to me that the companion-hatch could have been

"IF YOU DON T SPEAK UP BEFORE I SAY THREE, I SHALL FIRE."

made fast, so I turned to the steps, the dog accompanying me closely—too closely, in fact. As I raised my foot I felt that I was unable to place it on the first stair. It was as though the exit from the cabin had been walled up. A second attempt was equally in vain. I endeavored to precipitate myself into the companion-way. I might as well have tried to walk through a wall of solid rock, and still, in extending my hands and looking before me, I felt nothing but a soft though forbidding pressure, and saw nothing but the open stairway. I cannot say whether my sensation was one of terror or bewilderment—perhaps it was a mingling of the two. I called aloud with the full strength of my lungs, but the sound of my voice seemed strangely muffled, even while I was perfectly conscious that I had full possession of my senses. During all this time the dog had been pressing close against me, trembling like a leaf, shuddering. I laid my hand on his head. It was hot to the touch. I looked down at him. With his ears laid back, his eyes protruding, and his tongue hanging out, he was the picture of terror—such a picture as I hope never to see again. A great, fearless, noble mastiff utterly abject, and cowering like any little cur.

And now the cabin lamps were suddenly extinguished, and only a small lantern left burning on the table. The atmosphere became oppressively hot, and a musty, moldy odor pervaded the apartment. In the deepened darkness I turned to look behind me with an added foreboding—if my horror may be said not to have reached its acme already. Beneath the door of the starboard stateroom, forward, I saw a brilliant line of light, and in the same place as before, the weird shadow of the afternoon, now bent over as though he who cast it there were listening at the door. With my hand still on the mastiff's head, and impelled by some power not my own and stronger than my will, I moved towards the shade. My third step placed me directly in front of one of the large leather lounging chairs, which was so situated as to squarely face the dreadful corner. Into this chair I sank not only involuntarily, but seemingly by physical compulsion, the dog standing against it beside me. As again I laid my hand upon him I felt that he was rigid and strained in every muscle. As I gazed at the shadow it slowly became upright and huge, and cast itself clearly upon the door, which immediately swung open without sound. With this phenomenon an indefinable sensation of almost intolerable pressure came upon me. I felt as though bound with iron or encased in lead. The chair seemed to hold me in a vice-like embrace. All power of motion left me. I tried to speak. I was dumb. The silence was awful. My sense of loneliness appalling. My mind, however, was most active and acute, and after a moment, every faculty seemed to be concentrated upon attention to what was going on before me.

Within the stateroom I saw a short, thick-set man seated on a camp-stool beside the berth, under a hanging lamp which shed a brilliant light. With his face in his hands and his head leaning against the partition before him, he seemed asleep; but I could not see that he breathed. Behind him and half turned from me, I saw one standing who seemed to me to be the original of the shadow, and who, as I looked, raised his right arm in the air, and dealt the sleeping man a terrible blow at the back of the head with a heavy marlinespike, crushing the skull and killing the victim instantly. No blood followed the stroke, and, although, as I have said, the room was brilliantly illuminated, I saw no shadows. The murderer seized the dead man's body before it fell to the floor, and opening the forward door of the stateroom, which led into the between-decks space, passed out, dragging the corpse with him, and disappeared in the darkness. Almost at once, however, he returned, and as he came towards me into the cabin, I again recognized the horrible face of the giant I had seen cross the deck above in the afternoon—the face of the man at whose hand I believed that Drayton with unerring aim had fired in the open port-hole a little while before. He entered the apartment, and, following with my eyes the direction of his movements, I saw him extend his hand and take up from the bunk, where he might have been sitting a few moments earlier, what appeared to me to be a carpenter's chisel or screw-driver. With this he again vanished into the darkness between decks. As he did so the forward door of the stateroom closed behind him, and simultaneously the light within went out, and the lamps in the cabin were relighted, while the doors and portholes, skylight, and companion-hatch were, I felt, reopened. My hand being still upon the dog, I perceived a tremor or shudder pass through his entire frame, as with a deep sigh he instantly thereafter dashed from the cabin to the deck. I heard Drayton's

voice call loudly, "Roy! Roy!" and then a splash in the silent sea.

Freed from the terrible pressure, I now arose blindly to make my own way to the deck from the stifling atmosphere of the cabin; but the walls and furniture seemed to whirl and spin around and around me —and I remembered no more.

When I recovered consciousness I was again seated in the heavy chair, the cabin was cool, and there was the odor of brandy about. Drayton was standing over me with his hand on my forehead, and I heard the tramp of feet on the deck above. I looked at my watch, which I had laid open on the table several hours earlier, and it told me that I had been in the cabin alone with the dog but ten minutes at the uttermost.

From my companion I learned that after leaving me he had called the forward watch and one of the men from the deck-house, and searched fruitlessly for a trace of the man at the port-hole. As he had approached the companionway, the dog had dashed from it, foaming at the mouth, and in his madness leaped into the sea. Every effort was made to save him, but we never saw the poor fellow again.

The remaining hours of the night passed without incident. I related to Drayton what I had seen in the cabin, and we agreed that whatever the power that was exhibiting itself on board the brigantine—whether human or superhuman, natural or supernatural—it was one that we certainly could not account for, theorize as we might. Drayton, however, held to his purpose of taking the vessel to Gibraltar, there to turn her over, with as much of her story as we could tell, to the Vice-Admiralty Court for investigation.

In the morning we made an examination of the room in which I had seen the phantom murder committed (if I may describe as "phantom" those who seemed no less real flesh and blood than myself) and of the between-decks space forward of it, but we discovered nothing. At the edge of the port-hole, however, at the spot where the hand had been, we found the bullet from the revolver buried in the wood.

By this time the seamen had gotten an inkling of the character of the ship's mystery; but as none of them had actually seen anything (nor, strangely enough, had heard the shot) Drayton's good sense and firmness triumphed over their superstition, and we were enabled to work the derelict to port without difficulty and without further incident. A second night passed in her cabin by both of us was quiet and uneventful in every way, but we were satisfied that we had discovered the cause of her abandonment. The sailors would have said that she was haunted.

We made Gibraltar on the morning of the thirteenth of December, and immediately reporting the circumstances under which we had found the "Emily Brand," we turned her over to the authorities.

The Queen's Proctor in Admiralty at once ordered a special survey of the vessel by the surveyor of shipping, assisted by the marshal of the court and an expert diver. The result of this survey was a report substantially embodying the facts as to the finding of the vessel and her condition here related by me. In addition to this, however, the stains on the old cutlass and on the vessel's rail were subjected to a chemical analysis by which it was proved that they were not blood stains, and this fact was made an item of the report.

Upon this unsatisfactory conclusion Drayton and I determined to communicate to the authorities an account of the almost incredible events of our first day and night aboard the mysterious vessel. This we were enabled to do without making ourselves ridiculous, through the good offices of the governor of the fortress, to whom Drayton was well known. Thereupon a second survey was ordered, during which the entire cargo was removed.

At the request of one of the officials engaged in this second survey, I accompanied him aboard the brigantine for the purpose of pointing out the movements of the phantom murderer. This official developed a rather remarkable detective ingenuity. He subjected me, in the course of our conversation, to a close cross-examination concerning the chisel or screw-driver, for which the assassin had returned after the murder. On my remaining firm in my conviction as to what the tool appeared to be, he confided to me his theory of the terrible mock murder I had witnessed. He believed, he told me, that the crime which had caused the vessel's abandonment had been revealed to me "by the spirits," as he expressed it, "of the principal actors." Proceeding on this theory, he personally (permitting me to accompany him) made a careful examination of the fatal stateroom and of the now empty between-decks space forward, his object being to discover some evidence of the use of such a tool, to the appearance of which he attached the greatest importance. At a point about fifteen feet distant from the stateroom he found a narrow strip of oak about an inch in

"I SAW ONE . . . WHO, AS I LOOKED, RAISED HIS RIGHT ARM IN THE AIR, AND DEALT THE SLEEPING MAN A TERRIBLE BLOW."

thickness and five feet in length, projecting, by its thickness, beyond the smooth surface of the vessel's inner shell. On scrutinizing it closely we perceived that it had been fixed in its place by means of five screws, apparently of brass, as the heads were incrusted with bright green rust or mould. We immediately summoned assistance, procured a screw-driver, and removed the strip. Having accomplished this, we discovered that the strip had been affixed over a perpendicular succession of the joints of the narrow planks of the vessel's interior hull, which sprang outward as they were released, far enough for my companion to insert his fingers behind them. Wrenching them off, we found to our horror, wedged in the inner space, the grinning skeleton of a man, upon which hung shreds of clothing. As this skeleton was lifted out, something dropped to the deck with a metallic sound, and rolled to my feet. I stooped and picked it up. It was a plain band of gold—a ring. On the inside was engraved: "From H. M. to J. B." The clothing of the unfortunate man appeared to have been partially eaten by rats. At the time it seemed to me a fortunate thing that it had not been entirely destroyed, as otherwise the ring, which had been retained in one of the folds, would long before have slipped from the bony finger to the bottom of the hold, and rendered positive identification, perhaps, impossible. The skeleton was clean, dry, and white, and on further examination we found that the back of the skull had been fractured, apparently by a blow from a club.

Since our arrival at Gibraltar, and about a week before the finding of the skeleton, Drayton had written to the owners of the brigantine at New York, having learned who they were from the surveyor of shipping, to whom her missing captain had been well and favorably known. In his letter to these gentlemen Drayton had asked for such a history of the "Emily Brand" as her owners were willing and prepared to give. He particularly required a full account of her missing company, and the details of any mutiny or other crime that might have occurred on board within their knowledge, with a description of the participants. At the end of about three weeks from the date on which the skeleton was found (we in the meanwhile having had a run up the Mediterranean and back) a new captain and new crew arrived from New York, sent out by Messrs. Barnes and Spaulding, to take the brigantine on to Genoa, for which port she had been originally bound. The captain, Mr. Church, presented himself on board the "Nomad" the day of his arrival, as the bearer of a long letter to Drayton from Mr. Barnes, the senior member of the owning firm. From that letter I transcribed the ensuing account of the "Emily Brand."

"The brigantine was built for us about two years ago at Portland, Maine. Including her present voyage she has made four in all. The first two were prosperous, and on neither of them did anything out of the ordinary run occur. A year ago last

November, however, she sailed from this port, with a miscellaneous cargo, for Lisbon, taken out by Captain James Blaisdel, who had been in our employ for many years, and who had commanded her on her two preceding voyages.

"Among her crew was a Swede or Norwegian of the name of Peterson, a gigantic, ill-favored fellow, who had been injured in our service some time before by a fall from the rigging, in which he sustained a severe contusion of the brain. For several months he lay in the hospital here, in what was believed to be a hopeless condition of imbecility; but finally, having recovered, or apparently recovered, he applied for a berth on the 'Emily Brand.'

"On the eleventh of December we received news by cable from Mr. Riggs, the mate, of the death of Captain Blaisdel and the man Peterson. On the twenty-sixth a letter came, giving the particulars, which were briefly as follows: About the eighth day out from New York Peterson developed symptoms of a relapse of his disease (caused by the fall), which seemed, however, to affect his mind only with a sort of intermittent stupor. He exhibited no signs of mania or violence, and was capable of performing his light duties about one half the time. He was accordingly not confined, and the master did what he could for him, treating him with the utmost kindness, and advising him to lay off from his work. This he did for several days, but apparently without beneficial effect.

"On the night of December 5, Mr. Blaisdel turned in at eight bells (twelve o'clock). The weather was clear, the wind over the port quarter, and the moon lighted up the deck. The vessel was then about latitude 38° north, longitude 17° west, near the point at which you picked her up. Just before two bells (one o'clock) the man at the wheel saw Peterson, whom he recognized by his great size, cross the deck amidship to the starboard rail and throw something into the sea. On being hailed by this man, Peterson went aft, and said that he had thrown a pair of old shoes overboard. He was in his stocking feet.

"In the morning the master failed to appear, and after waiting a reasonable time the steward knocked at his door. Receiving no response, he called Mr. Riggs, the mate, who entered the stateroom and found it empty. The berth had not been occupied. When after a search it became evident that the captain could not be found, Miller, the man who had taken the wheel at midnight, told the mate of Peterson's appearance and his conversation with him. Peterson was sent for, and found in his bunk, apparently sleeping. He was aroused, and brought on deck in a very excited condition, and on being interrogated by Mr. Riggs he became incoherent and violent. The mate thereupon ordered two of the men to seize him; but as they approached to do so, he eluded them, and darting to the vessel's side, went overboard. They put her about and lowered a boat immediately, but he was never seen again. It seems clear that in a fit of insanity he murdered the captain and threw his body into the sea during the night. How this was accomplished no one knows, for no noise was heard, nor were any traces of violence found about the vessel.

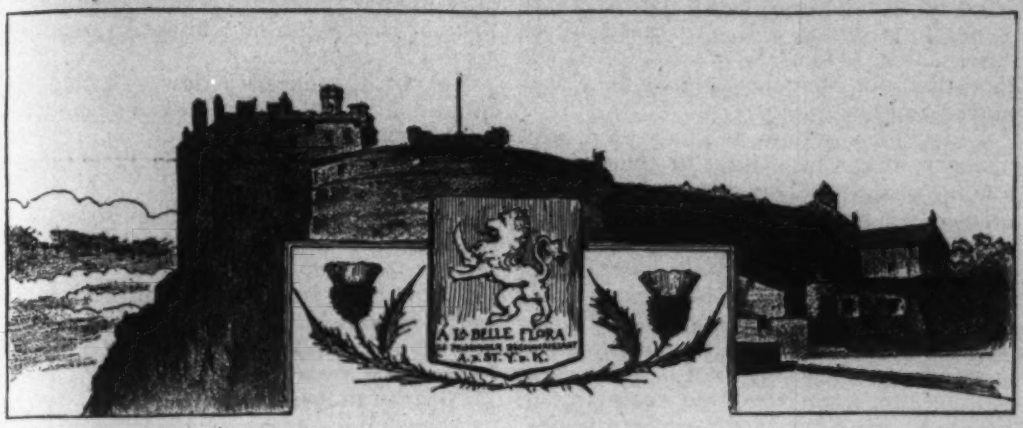
"On her present voyage Mr. Riggs, the former mate, went as master of the vessel. He was, I believe, thirty-six years of age, married, and had one child—a little girl of five or six years. It is our custom to allow our masters to purchase an interest in the vessels they command, and Mr. Riggs and his wife owned two-sixteenths of the 'Emily Brand.' He was a man of the highest character and thoroughly competent to go as master. On this last voyage his wife and child accompanied him.

"I cannot form the slightest conjecture concerning the strange disappearance of poor Riggs and his family, with all on board, and I have but little belief that they will ever be heard of again."

From this letter it became evident that the skeleton found up in the between-decks space was that of Captain James Blaisdel, with whose name the initials engraved in the ring corresponded.

The remains thus identified were interred at Gibraltar.

Some hope of the rescue of the castaways was for a time entertained, as it was learned that the boat (the brigantine had but one) in which they were presumed to have left the vessel was a life-boat, new, light, and incapable of sinking. Moreover, it was known that they could not have encountered any bad weather for many days after parting from the "Emily Brand." Accordingly the widest publicity was given to the fact of their having disappeared, and for more than a year the civilized world was searched throughout with all the facilities at the disposal of our own government and that of England, upon the chance that they had made some land or been picked up by some passing vessel. But no trace of the life-boat or of any of its occupants was ever discovered.



ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

By Robert Louis Stevenson,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

[BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER.]

CHAPTER III.

MAJOR CHEVENIX COMES INTO THE STORY, AND GOGUELAT GOES OUT.

THERE was never any talk of a recovery, and no time was lost in getting the man's deposition. He gave but the one account of it: that he had committed suicide because he was sick of seeing so many Englishmen. The doctor vowed it was impossible, the nature and direction of the wound forbidding it. Goguelat replied he was more ingenious than the other thought for, and had propped up the weapon in the ground and fallen on the point—"just like Nebuchadnezzar," he added, winking to the assistants. The doctor, who was a little, spruce, ruddy man of an impatient temper, pished and pshawed and swore over his patient. "Nothing to be made of him!" he cried. "A perfect heathen. If we could only find the weapon!" But the weapon had ceased to exist. A little resined twine was perhaps blowing about in the castle gutters; some bits of broken stick may have trailed in corners; and behold! in the pleasant air of the morning, a dandy prisoner trimming his nails with a pair of scissors!

Finding the wounded man so firm, you may be sure the authorities did not leave the rest of us in peace. No stone was left unturned. We were had in again and again to be examined, now singly, now in twos and threes. We were threatened with all sorts of impossible severities and tempted with all manner of improbable rewards. I suppose I was five times interrogated, and came off from each with flying colors. I am like old Souvaroff—I cannot understand a soldier being taken aback by any question; he should answer as he marches on the fire, with an instant briskness and gaiety. I may have been short of bread, gold or grace; I was never yet found wanting in an answer. My comrades, if they were not all so ready, were none of them less staunch; and I may say here, at once, that the inquiry came to nothing at the time, and the death of Goguelat remained a mystery of the prison. Such were the veterans of France! And yet I should be disingenuous if I did not own this was a case apart; in ordinary circumstances, some one might have stumbled or been intimidated into an admission; and what bound us together with a closeness beyond that of mere comrades was a secret to which we were all committed and a design in which all were equally engaged.

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No need to inquire as to its nature: there is only one desire, and only one kind of design, that blooms in prisons. And the fact that our tunnel was near done supported and inspired us.

I came off in public, as I have said, with flying colors; the sittings of the court of inquiry died away like a tune that no one listens to; and yet I was unmasked—I, whom my very adversary defended, as good as confessed, as good as told the nature of the quarrel, and by so doing prepared for myself in the future a most anxious, disagreeable adventure. It was the third morning after the duel, and Goguelat was still in life, when the time came around for me to give Major Chevenix a lesson. I was fond of this occupation; not that he paid me much—no more, indeed, than eighteen pence a month, the customary figure, being a miser in the grain; but because I liked his breakfasts and (to some extent) himself. At least, he was a man of education; and of the others with whom I had any opportunity of speech, those that would not have held a book upside down would have torn the pages out for pipe-lights. For I must repeat again that our body of prisoners was exceptional; there was in Edinburgh Castle none of that educational busyness that distinguished some of the other prisons, so that men entered them unable to read and left them fit for high employments. Chevenix was handsome, and surprisingly young to be a major: six feet in his stockings, well set up, with regular features and very clear gray eyes. It was impossible to pick a fault in him, and yet the sum-total was displeasing. Perhaps he was too clean; he seemed to bear about with him the smell of soap. Cleanliness is good, but I cannot bear a man's nails to seem japanned. And certainly he was too self-possessed and cold. There was none of the fire of youth, none of the swiftness of the soldier, in this young officer. His kindness was cold, and cruel cold; his deliberation exasperating. And perhaps it was from this character, which is very much the opposite of my own, that even in these days, when he was of service to me, I approached him with suspicion and reserve.

I looked over his exercise in the usual form, and marked six faults.

"H'm. Six," says he, looking at the paper. "Very annoying! I can never get it right."

"Oh, but you make excellent progress!" I said. I would not discourage him, you understand, but he was congenitally unable to learn French. Some fire, I think, is needful, and he had quenched his fire in soapsuds.

He put the exercise down, leaned his chin upon his hand, and looked at me with clear, severe eyes.

"I think we must have a little talk," said he.

"I am entirely at you disposition," I replied; but I quaked, for I knew what subject to expect.

"You have been some time giving me these lessons," he went on, "and I am tempted to think rather well of you. I believe you are a gentleman."

"I have that honor, sir," said I.

"You have seen me for the same period. I do not know how I strike you; but perhaps you will be prepared to believe that I also am a man of honor," says he.

"I require no assurances; the thing is manifest," and I bowed.

"Very well, then," said he. "What about this Goguelat?"

"You heard me yesterday before the court," I began. "I was awakened only—"

"Oh yes; I heard you yesterday before the court, no doubt," he interrupted, "and I remember perfectly that you were 'awakened only.' I could repeat the most of it by rote, indeed. But do you suppose that I believed you for a moment?"

"Neither would you believe me if I were to repeat it here," said I.

"I may be wrong—we shall soon see," says he; "but my impression is that you will not repeat it here. My impression is that you have come into this room, and that you will tell me something before you go out."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Let me explain," he continued. "Your evidence, of course, is nonsense. I put it by, and the court put it by."

"My compliments and thanks!" said I.

"You *must* know—that's the short and the long," he proceeded. "All of you in Shed B are bound to know. And I want to ask you where is the common sense of keeping up this farce, and maintaining this cock-and-bull story between friends? Come, come, my good fellow, own yourself beaten, and laugh at it yourself."

"Well, I hear you go ahead," said I. "You put your heart in it."

He crossed his legs slowly. "I can very well understand," he began, "that precautions have had to be taken. I dare say an oath was administered. I can com-

prehend that perfectly." (He was watching me all the time with his cold, bright eyes.) "And I can comprehend that, about an affair of honor, you would be very particular to keep it."

"About an affair of honor?" I repeated, like a man quite puzzled.

"It was not an affair of honor, then?" he asked.

"What was not? I do not follow," said I.

He gave no sign of impatience; simply sat awhile silent, and began again in the same placid and good-natured voice: "The court and I were at one in setting aside your evidence. It could not deceive a child. But there was a difference between myself and the other officers, because *I knew my man*, and they did not. They saw in you a common soldier, and I knew you for a gentleman. To them your evidence was a leash of lies, which they yawned to hear you telling. Now, I was asking myself, how far will a gentleman go? Not surely so far as to help hush a murder up? So that—when I heard you tell how you knew nothing of the matter, and were only awakened by the corporal, and all the rest of it—I translated your statements into something else. Now, Champdivers," he cries, springing up lively and coming towards me with animation, "I am going to tell you what that was, and you are going to help me to see justice done—how I don't know, for of course you are under oath—but somehow. Mark what I'm going to say."

At that moment he laid a heavy, hard grip upon my shoulder; and whether he said anything more or came to a full stop at once, I am sure I could not tell you to this day. For, as the devil would have it, the shoulder he laid hold of was the one Goguelat had pinked. The wound was but a scratch; it was healing with the first intention; but in the clutch of Major Chevenix it gave me agony. My head swam; the sweat poured off my face; I must have grown deadly pale.

He removed his hand as suddenly as he had laid it there.

"What is wrong with you?" said he.

"It is nothing," said I. "A qualm. It has gone by."

"Are you sure?" said he. "You are as white as a sheet."

"Oh no, I assure you! Nothing whatever. I am my own man again," I said, though I could scarce command my tongue.

"Well, shall I go on again?" says he. "Can you follow me?"

"Oh, by all means!" said I, and mopped my streaming face upon my sleeve, for you may be sure in those days I had no handkerchief.

"If you are sure you can follow me. That was a very sudden and sharp seizure," he said doubtfully. "But if you are sure, all right, and here goes. An affair of honor among you fellows would naturally be a little difficult to carry out; perhaps it would be impossible to have it wholly regular. And yet a duel might be very irregular in form, and, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, loyal enough in effect. Do you take me? Now, as a gentleman and a soldier."

His hand rose again at the words and hovered over me. I could bear no more, and winced away from him. "No," I cried, "not that. Do not put your hand upon my shoulder. I cannot bear it. It is rheumatism," I made haste to add. "My shoulder is inflamed and very painful." He returned to his chair and deliberately lighted a cigar.

"I am sorry about your shoulder," he said at last. "Let me send for the doctor."

"Not in the least," said I. "It is a trifle. I am quite used to it. It does not trouble me in the smallest. At any rate, I don't believe in doctors."

"All right," said he, and sat and smoked a good while in a silence which I would have given anything to break. "Well," he began presently, "I believe there is nothing left for me to learn. I presume I may say that I know all."

"About what?" said I boldly.

"About Goguelat," said he.

"I beg your pardon. I cannot conceive," said I.

"Oh," says the major, "the man fell in a duel, and by your hand! I am not an infant."

"By no means," said I. "But you seem to be a good deal of a theorist."

"Shall we test it?" he asked. "The doctor is close by. If there is not an open wound on your shoulder, I am wrong. If there is—" He waved his hand. "But I advise you to think twice. There is a deuce of a nasty drawback to the experiment—that what might have remained private between us two becomes public property."

"Oh, well!" said I, with a laugh; "anything rather than a doctor! I cannot bear the breed."

His last words had a good deal relieved me, but I was still far from comfortable.

Major Chevenix smoked awhile, looking now at his cigar-ash, now at me. "I'm a soldier myself," he says presently, "and I've been out in my time and hit my man. I don't want to run any one into a corner for an affair that was at all necessary or correct. At the same time I want to know that much, and I'll take your word of honor for it. Otherwise I shall be very sorry, but the doctor must be called in."

"I neither admit anything nor deny anything," I returned. "But if this form of words will suffice you, here is what I say: I give you my parole, as a gentleman and a soldier, there has nothing taken place amongst us prisoners that was not honorable as the day."

"All right," says he. "That was all I wanted. You can go now, Champdivers."

And as I was going out he added, with a laugh: "By the by, I ought to apologize: I had no idea I was applying the torture!"

The same afternoon the doctor came into the courtyard with a piece of paper in his hand. He seemed hot and angry, and had certainly no mind to be polite.

"Here!" he cried. "Which of you fellows knows any English? Oh!"—spying me—"there you are, what's your name? *You'll* do. Tell these fellows that the other fellow's dying. He's booked; no use talking; I expect he'll go by evening. And tell them I don't envy the feelings of the fellow who spiked him. Tell them that first."

I did so.

"Then you can tell 'em," he resumed, "that the fellow Goggle—what's his name?—wants to see some of them before he gets his marching orders. If I got it right, he wants to kiss or embrace you, or some sickening stuff. Got that? Then here's a list he's had written, and you'd better read it out to them—I can't make head or tail of your beastly names—and they can answer *present*, and fall in against that wall."

It was with a singular movement of incongruous feelings that I read the first name on the list. I had no wish to look again on my own handiwork; my flesh recoiled from the idea; and how could I be sure what reception he designed to give me? The cure was in my own hand; I could pass that first name over—the doctor would not know—and I might stay away. But to the subsequent great gladness of my heart, I did not dwell for an instant on the thought, walked over to the designated wall, faced about, read out the name "Champdivers," and answered myself with the word "Present."

There were some half-dozen on the list, all told; and as soon as we were mustered, the doctor led the way to the hospital, and we followed after, like a fatigue party, in single file. At the door he paused, told us "the fellow" would see each of us alone, and, as soon as I had explained that, sent me by myself into the ward. It was a small room, whitewashed; a south window stood open on a vast depth of air and a spacious and distant prospect; and from deep below, in the Grassmarket, the voices of hawkers came up clear and far away. Hard by, on a little bed, lay Goguelat. The sunburn had not yet faded from his face, and the stamp of death was already there. There was something wild and unmannish in his smile, that took me by the throat; only death and love know or have ever seen it. And when he spoke, it seemed to shame his coarse talk.

He held out his arms as if to embrace me. I drew near with incredible shrinkings, and surrendered myself to his arms with overwhelming disgust. But he only drew my ear down to his lips.

"Trust me," he whispered. "*Je suis bon bougre, moi.* I'll take it to hell with me, and tell the devil."

Why should I go on to reproduce his grossness and trivialities? All that he thought, at that hour, was even noble, though he could not clothe it otherwise than in the language of a brutal farce. Presently he bade me call the doctor; and when that officer had come in, raised a little up in his bed, pointed first to himself and then to me, who stood weeping by his side, and several times repeated the expression, "Frinds—frinds—dam frinds."

To my great surprise, the doctor appeared very much affected. He nodded his little bob-wigged head at us, and said repeatedly, "All right, Johnny—me comprong."

Then Goguelat shook hands with me, embraced me again, and I went out of the room sobbing like an infant.

How often have I not seen it, that the most unpardonable fellows make the happiest exits! It is a fate that we may well envy them. Goguelat was detested in life; in the last three days, by his admirable stanchness and consideration, he won every heart; and when word went about the prison the same evening that he was no more, the voice of conversation

became hushed as in a house of mourning.

For myself, I was like a man distracted; I cannot think what ailed me. When I awoke the following day, nothing remained of it; but that night I was filled with a gloomy fury of the nerves. I had killed him; he had done his utmost to protect me; I had seen him with that awful smile. And so illogical and useless is this sentiment of remorse, that I was ready, at a word or a look, to quarrel with somebody else. I presume the disposition of my mind was imprinted on my face; and when, a little after, I overtook, saluted, and addressed the doctor, he looked on me with commiseration and surprise.

I had asked him if it was true.

"Yes," he said, "the fellow's gone."

"Did he suffer much?" I asked.

"Not a bit; passed away like a lamb," said he. He looked on me a little, and I saw his hand go to his fob. "Here, take that! no sense in fretting," he said, and, putting a silver twopenny bit in my hand, he left me.

I should have had that twopenny framed to hang upon the wall, for it was the man's one act of charity in all my knowledge of him. Instead of that, I stood looking at it in my hand and laughed out bitterly, as I realized his mistake; then went to the ramparts, and flung it far into the air like blood money. The night was falling; through an embrasure and across the gardened valley I saw the lamplighters hasting along Princes Street with ladder and lamp, and looked on moodily. As I was so standing a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I turned about. It was Major Chevenix, dressed for the evening, and his neckcloth really admirably folded. I never denied the man could dress.

"Ah!" said he, "I thought it was you, Champdivers. So he's gone?"

I nodded.

"Come, come," said he, "you must cheer up. Of course it's very distressing, very painful, and all that. But do you know, it ain't such a bad thing either for you or me? What with his death and your visit to him I am entirely reassured."

So I was to owe my life to Goguelat at every point.

"I had rather not discuss it," said I.

"Well," said he, "one word more, and I'll agree to bury the subject. What did you fight about?"

"Oh, what do men ever fight about?" I cried.

"A lady?" said he.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Deuce you did!" said he. "I should scarce have thought it of him."

And at this my ill-humor broke fairly out into words. "He!" I cried. "He never dared to address her—only to look at her and vomit his vile insults! She may have given him sixpence; if she did, it may take him to heaven yet!"

At this I became aware of his eyes set upon me with a considering look, and brought up sharply.

"Well, well," said he. "Good night to you, Champdivers. Come to me at breakfast-time, to-morrow, and we'll talk of other subjects."

I fully admit the man's conduct was not bad; in writing it down so long after the events I can even see that it was good.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. IVES GETS A BUNDLE OF BANK NOTES.

I WAS surprised one morning, shortly after, to find myself the object of marked consideration by a civilian and a stranger. This was a man of the middle age; he had a face of a mulberry color, round black eyes, comical tufted eyebrows, and a protuberant forehead; and was dressed in clothes of a Quakerish cut. In spite of his plainness, he had that inscrutable air of a man well-to-do in his affairs. I conceived he had been some while observing me from a distance, for a sparrow sat betwixt quite unalarmed on the breech of a piece of cannon. So soon as our eyes met, he drew near and addressed me in the French language, which he spoke with a good fluency but an abominable accent.

"I have the pleasure of addressing M. le Vicomte Anne Këroual St.-Yves?" said he.

"Well," said I, "I do not call myself all that; but I have a right to, if I chose. In the meanwhile I call myself plain Champdivers, at your disposal. It was my mother's name, and good to go soldiering with."

"I think not quite," said he; "for if I remember rightly, your mother also had the particle. Her name was Florimonde de Champdivers."

"Right again!" said I, "and I am extremely pleased to meet a gentleman so well informed in my quarterings. Is monsieur *born* himself?" This I said with a great air of assumption, partly to conceal

the degree of curiosity with which my visitor had inspired me, and in part because it struck me as highly incongruous and comical in my prison garb and on the lips of a private soldier.

He seemed to think so too, for he laughed.

"No, sir," he returned, speaking this time in English; "I am not '*born*,' as you call it, and must content myself with *dying*, of which I am equally susceptible with the best of you. My name is Mr. Romaine—Daniel Romaine—a solicitor of London City, at your service; and, what will interest you more, I am here at the request of your great-uncle, the Count."

"What!" I cried, "does M. de Këroual St.-Yves remember the existence of such a person as myself, and will he deign to count kinship with a soldier of Napoleon?"

"You speak English well," observed my visitor.

"I had a good opportunity to learn it," said I. "I had an English nurse; my father spoke English with me; and I was finished by a countryman of yours and a dear friend of mine, a Mr. Vicary."

A strong expression of interest came into the lawyer's face.

"What!" he cried, "you knew poor Vicary?"

"For more than a year," said I; "and shared his hiding-place for many months."

"And I was his clerk, and have succeeded him in business," said he. "Excellent man! It was on the affairs of M. de Këroual that he went to that accursed country, from which he was never destined to return. Do you chance to know his end, sir?"

"I am sorry," said I, "I do. He perished miserably at the hands of a gang of banditti, such as we call *chauffeurs*. In a word, he was tortured, and died of it. See," I added, kicking off one shoe, for I had no stocking; "I was no more than a child, and see how they had begun to treat myself."

He looked at the mark of my old burn with a certain shrinking. "Beastly people!" I heard him mutter to himself.

"The English may say so with a good grace," I observed politely.

Such speeches were the coin in which I paid my way among this credulous race. Ninety per cent. of our visitors would have accepted the remark as natural in itself and creditable to my powers of judgment, but it appeared my lawyer was more acute.

"You are not entirely a fool, I perceive," said he.

"No," said I; "not wholly."

"And yet it is well to beware of the ironical mood," he continued. "It is a dangerous instrument. Your great-uncle has, I believe, practised it very much, until it is now become a problem what he means."

"And that brings me back to what you will admit is a most natural inquiry," said I. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit? How did you recognize me? And how did you know I was here?"

Carefully separating his coat skirts, the lawyer took a seat beside me on the edge of the flags.

"It is rather an odd story," says he, "and with your leave, I'll answer the second question first. It was from a certain resemblance you bear to your cousin, M. le Vicomte."

"I trust, sir, that I resemble him advantageously?" said I.

"I hasten to reassure you," was the reply; "you do. To my eyes, M. Alain de St.-Yves has scarce a pleasing exterior. And yet, when I knew you were here, and was actually looking for you—why, the likeness helped. As for how I came to know your whereabouts: by an odd enough chance, it is again M. Alain we have to thank. I should tell you, he has for some time made it his business to keep M. de Këroual informed of your career; with what purpose I leave you to judge. When he first brought the news of your—that you were serving Bonaparte, it seemed it might be the death of the old gentleman, so hot was his resentment. But from one thing to another, matters have a little changed. Or I should rather say, not a little. We learned you were under orders for the Peninsula, to fight the English; then that you had been commissioned for a piece of bravery, and were again reduced to the ranks. And from one thing to another (as I say), M. de Këroual became used to the idea that you were his kinsman and yet served with Bonaparte, and filled instead with wonder that he should have another kinsman who was so remarkably well informed of events in France. And it now became a very disagreeable question, whether the young gentleman was not a spy? In short, sir, in seeking to disserve you, he had accumulated against himself a load of suspicions."

My visitor now paused, took snuff, and looked at me with an air of benevolence.

"Indeed, sir!" says I, "this is a curious story."

"You will say so before I have done," said he. "For there have two events followed. The first of these was an encounter of M. de Kĕroual and M. de Mauséant."

"I know the man to my cost," said I; "it was through him I lost my commission."

"Do you tell me so?" he cried. "Why, here is news!"

"Oh, I cannot complain!" said I. "I was in the wrong. I did it with my eyes open. If a man gets a prisoner to guard and lets him go, the least he can expect is to be degraded."

"You will be paid for it," said he. "You did well for yourself and better for your king."

"If I had thought I was injuring my emperor," said I, "I would have let M. de Mauséant burn in hell ere I had helped him, and be sure of that! I saw in him only a private person in a difficulty; I let him go in private charity; not even to profit myself will I suffer it to be misunderstood."

"Well, well," said the lawyer, "no matter now. This is a foolish warmth—a very misplaced enthusiasm, believe me! The point of the story is that M. de Mauséant spoke of you with gratitude, and drew your character in such a manner as greatly to affect your uncle's views. Hard upon the back of which, in came your humble servant, and laid before him the direct proof of what we had been so long suspecting. There was no dubiety permitted. M. Alain's expensive way of life, his clothes and mistresses, his dicing and race horses, were all explained; he was in the pay of Bonaparte, a hired spy, and a man that held the strings of what I can only call a convolution of extremely fishy enterprises. To do M. de Kĕroual justice, he took it the best way imaginable, destroyed the evidences of the one great-nephew's disgrace—and transferred his interest wholly to the other."

"What am I to understand by that?" said I.

"I will tell you," says he. "There is a remarkable inconsistency in human nature which gentlemen of my cloth have a great deal of occasion to observe. Selfish persons can live without chick or child, they can live without all mankind except perhaps the barber and the apothecary; but when it comes to dying, they seem physically unable to die without an heir. You can apply this principle for yourself. Viscount Alain, though he scarce guesses it, is no longer in the field. Remains, Viscount Anne."

"I see," said I, "you give a very unfavorable impression of my uncle, the Count."

"I had not meant to," said he. "He has led a loose life—sadly loose—but he is a man it is impossible to know and not to admire; his courtesy is exquisite."

"And so you think there is actually a chance for me?" I asked.

"Understand," said he, "in saying as much as I have done, I travel quite beyond my brief. I have been clothed with no capacity to talk of wills, or heritages, or your cousin. I was sent here to make but the one communication: that M. de Kĕroual desires to meet his great-nephew."

"Well," said I, looking about me on the battlements by which we sat surrounded, "this is a case in which Mahomet must certainly come to the mountain."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Romaine, "you know already your uncle is an aged man; but I have not yet told you that he is quite broken up and his death shortly looked for. No, no, there is no doubt about it—it is the mountain that must come to Mahomet."

"From an Englishman, the remark is certainly significant," said I; "but you are of course, and by trade, a keeper of men's secrets, and I see you keep that of cousin Alain, which is not the mark of a truculent patriotism, to say the least."

"I am first of all the lawyer of your family!" says he.

"That being so," said I, "I can, perhaps, stretch a point myself. This rock is very high, and it is very steep; a man might come by much of a fall from almost any part of it, and yet I believe I have a pair of wings that might carry me just so far as to the bottom. Once at the bottom I am helpless."

"And perhaps it is just then that I could step in," returned the lawyer. "Suppose by some contingency, at which I make no guess, and on which I offer no opinion—"

But here I interrupted him. "One word ere you go farther. I am under no parole," said I.

"I understand so much," he replied, "although some of you French gentry find their word sit lightly on them."

"Sir, I am not one of those," said I.

"To do you plain justice, I do not think you one," said he. "Suppose yourself, then, set free and at the bottom of the rock," he continued, "although I may not be able to do much, I believe I can do something to help you on your road." In

the first place I would carry this, whether in an inside pocket or my shoe." And he passed me a bundle of bank notes.

"No harm in that," said I, at once concealing them.

"In the second place," he resumed, "it is a great way from here to where your uncle lives—Amersham Place, not far from Dunstable; you have a great part of Britain to get through; and for the first stages, I must leave you to your own luck and ingenuity. I have no acquaintance here in Scotland, or at least" (with a grimace) "no dishonest ones. But farther to the south, about Wakefield, I am told there is a gentleman called Burchell Fenn, who is not so particular as some others, and might be willing to give you a cast forward. In fact, sir, I believe it's the man's trade: a piece of knowledge that burns my mouth. But that is what you get by meddling with rogues; and perhaps the biggest rogue now extant, M. de St.-Yves, is your cousin, M. Alain."

"If this be a man of my cousin's," I observed, "I am perhaps better to keep clear of him?"

"It was through some papers of your cousin's that we came across this trail," replied the lawyer. "But I am inclined to think, so far as anything is safe in such a nasty business, you may apply to the man Fenn. You might even, I think, use the Viscount's name; and the little trick of family resemblance might come in. How, for instance, if you were to call yourself his brother?"

"It might be done," said I. "But look here a moment! You propose to me a very difficult game: I have apparently a cunning opponent in my cousin; and being a prisoner of war, I can scarce be said to hold good cards. For what stakes, then, am I playing?"

"They are very large," said he. "Your great-uncle is immensely rich—immensely rich. He was wise in time; he smelt the revolution long before; sold all that he could, and had all that was movable transported to England through my firm. There are considerable estates in England; Amersham Place itself is very fine; and he has much money, wisely invested. He lives, indeed, like a prince. And of what use is it to him? He has lost all that was worth living for—his family, his country; he has seen his king and queen murdered; he has seen all these miseries and infamies," pursued the lawyer, with a rising inflection and a heightening color; and then broke suddenly off—"in short, sir, he has seen all the advantages of that government for which his nephew carries arms, and he has the misfortune not to like them."

"You speak with a bitterness that I suppose I must excuse," said I; "yet which of us has the more reason to be bitter? This man, my uncle, M. de Kĕroual, fled. My parents, who were less wise, perhaps, remained. In the beginning, they were even republicans; to the end, they could not be persuaded to despair of the people. It was a glorious folly, for which, as a son, I reverence them. First one and then the other perished. If I have any mark of a gentleman, all who taught me died upon the scaffold, and my last school of manners was the prison of the Abbaye. Do you think you can teach bitterness to a man with a history like mine?"

"I have no wish to try," said he. "And yet there is one point I cannot understand: I cannot understand that one of your blood and experience should serve the Corsican. I cannot understand it: it seems as though everything generous in you must rise against that—domination."

"And perhaps," I retorted, "had your childhood passed among wolves, you would have been overjoyed yourself to see the Corsican Shepherd."

"Well, well," replied Mr. Romaine, "it may be. There are things that do not bear discussion."

And with a wave of his hands he disappeared abruptly down a flight of steps and under the shadow of a ponderous arch.

(To be continued.)

GRANT'S HORSEMANSHIP.

I HAVE just read with great pleasure in your January number the vivid picture of General Grant's life at West Point. It will undoubtedly recall his own experience to every graduate, especially those who were there previous to the last few years, before the coddling system was introduced.

General Grant's horsemanship was widely known. I recall an incident that came under my own view and brought this knowledge very forcibly to some young Italian officers. In the spring of 1878 I happened to be in the city of Milan. Returning to the hotel one afternoon, I saw an immense crowd gathered and a group of Italian officers mounted, their horses grandly caparisoned, themselves decorated with the most brilliant of uniforms. In front of the doorway, held by three uniformed grooms, was a beautiful blood-bay horse, equipped with a new English pigskin saddle. It kept the three busy to restrain his plunges; every moment it seemed as if he would leap on top of the holders and break away.

Going into the hotel, I asked what was the matter, and was told that General Grant was going to review the flower of Italy's army, the pride of all, the flying Bersaglieri. Taking my stand in the corridor in full view, I waited to see our famous general appear.

In a few minutes I saw the general coming down the stairs dressed in a plain black frock coat and trousers and high silk hat. He walked by unnoticed, unannounced, in his plain, unpretentious manner, towards the door. At this time one of the group of officers who had dismounted and were standing in the hallway to receive and escort him to the restless steed without, remarked loud enough for me to overhear, "Why does not General Grant come?" I said, "There he goes now," pointing proudly to the simply dressed figure. They looked at me with a doubting laugh, saying, "No, that cannot be he."

I replied, "I am a United States officer and know him well."

Meanwhile General Grant had come to a halt, having undoubtedly heard the remarks, as a good-natured smile lurked on his face. Finally, one of the officers, being sufficiently convinced, approached and asked if he was General Grant. Receiving an affirmative reply, a look of utter astonishment overspread their faces; they hastened to make amends for their apparent rudeness, accompanying him to the waiting horse, who was making frantic efforts to shake himself free from the three stalwart grooms.

A more restless, wicked-appearing horse I have seldom seen. I was in mortal fear that our general would be speedily thrown and crushed to death by the cruel hoofs. From the sly winks and nudges that passed between these dandyish young officers it looked to me very much as if they had assigned to the general of set purpose a young, untamable horse that had never been ridden. My fears for him were somewhat removed when I saw General Grant's eyes lighten up with admiration as he gazed upon the horse. Whether it was that the general was not well or was merely assuming a sort of helplessness, I have never been able fully to determine; but in mounting he accepted the assistance of two officers (the horse fully occupied the attention of the three grooms), and from an apparent stiffness had some difficulty in getting his right leg over the saddle. So soon as he touched the seat, however, he grasped the reins, his form straightened, and the change in his appearance immediately so impressed those around with his thorough horsemanship that spontaneously a shout of applause went up from the crowd. The horse, after a few futile plunges, discovered that he had his master, and started off in a gentle trot. From that time on horse and rider were as one being. The Bersaglieri are the brag foot-troops of Italy, and perform all their manœuvres at a run. For two hours, most of the time with his horse at a gallop, General Grant kept both mounted and foot troops on the move. On his return to the hotel I could hear murmurs of wonder and admiration from his escort. They themselves looked much fatigued, but the general appeared as calm and unruffled as if he had been seated in a rocking-chair.

ALFRED M. FULLER,
Captain Second United States Cavalry.

THE MAKERS OF THE UNION

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

By the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge,

Author of Lives of Alexander Hamilton and Daniel Webster, "Historical and Political Essays," etc.

THE vast machinery by which the revenues of our government are collected and disbursed is still that which was devised and set in motion by the first Secretary of the Treasury. Time and the enormous growth of the nation have brought, of course, additions and extensions, but the system and the methods are still those of Alexander Hamilton. It was a great work, the work of a fertile and inventive mind, to organize a machinery so effective and yet so elastic that it would run for more than a century and work for seventy million people as it had done in the beginning for less than five. Statues have been raised to the memory of many men who have done less than this. Yet the broad pedestal beside the southern steps of the Treasury still waits for the statue of the great Secretary to stand guard over the department he organized.

And yet, the organization of the Treasury Department was the least of Hamilton's achievements. His brilliant intellect left its mark on every part of our government, and men to-day carry out his policies and administer his system who sometimes, it is to be feared, know little more about him than his name. Hamilton's historical fame has been of slow growth, and only gradually has he come to the place which belongs to him. His untimely death, the triumph of his political rival, and the unpopularity and downfall, in name at least, of the party he had founded and led, all tended at the moment to obscure his work and dim his fame. It is only as the years have gone by that we have come to see plainly that the party of Hamilton, while they changed their name, still lived on and kept his principles as their creed and watchword. At last it is clear that the policies he formulated and the doctrines he supported have been the prevailing American policies. Now it is known to all that his methods of administration have been employed by friend and foe alike from the days of Washington to those of McKinley. A hundred years ago Hamilton left the Treasury, and at last all those who know our history are ready to admit, whether they are his followers or his opponents, that he was the greatest constructive statesman alike in conception and in execution that this country has to show.

The policies Hamilton formulated and defended, his work as a statesman, and his career as a soldier, have all been told many times. His work was great, his career was brilliant. They cannot be studied too much or be described too often. Yet, the most remarkable part of the story, after all, is the man himself, with his life full of romantic incidents and startling contrasts. He rose, unaided, from obscurity to greatness. To the country which he helped to free and lived to govern, and upon whose history he left so deep an imprint, he came an unknown and almost penniless boy in search of an education. Without family or friends to back him, he rose rapidly to the highest places in the State and allied himself by marriage with the oldest and most famous names of New York. He fell, in the prime of life, before Burr's pistol, and yet his great work was all behind him at an age when most statesmen are only beginning to reap the results of years of toil and training.

His birth gave the little island of Nevis, in the West Indies, a place in the world and its one title to fame. Over his parentage hang a mystery and uncertainty which will now never be cleared up, and even the accepted version is full of contradictions. Yet by that accepted version we must abide, and there was much in the ardent temper and strong passions, combined with the cool head and exact thought, which suggests the French mother and the Scotch father, with the consequent mingling of the qualities of the two races. Hamilton seems to have had no parental care. Who brought him up we do not know, and his education appears to have been of the rudest and most desultory kind.

When he was twelve years old we get for a moment to firmer ground. At that age he was placed in a counting-house, and we have a letter from him to a boyish friend in which he says: "I am confident, Ned, that my youth excludes me from any hope of immediate preferment, nor do I desire it; but I mean to prepare the way for futurity." The extraordinary tone of this letter for a boy of twelve, and the fact that the next year, when only thirteen, he was put in charge of his master's business, have led some historians to question the correctness of January 11, 1757, as the date of his birth. For this doubt there seems no good reason. Little as Hamilton knew of his parents or family, he stated his own age explicitly, and there is no ground to disbelieve him. He was unquestionably very precocious. But he was precocious in a period of precocity. It was the age of revolution. The mind of the Western world was in a ferment. The old systems and the old men who loved them were being torn up and cast into the fire, and triumphant youth came forth to carry on the new work of the new era. Danton and Robespierre had scarcely passed the "mezzo cammin" of Dante when the evolution devoured them. They already had ruled France and shaken Europe. St. Just was twenty-six when he went to the scaffold, whither he had sent so many others. Napoleon was twenty-seven when he took command of the army of Italy, and among the young men who followed his eagles were the future marshals of France. Fox entered the House of Commons at nineteen and was a member of the Ministry at twenty-one. Pitt was Prime Minister and ruled England at twenty-five. If we remember these things, it is less surprising to find Hamilton an orator at seventeen, a brilliant pamphleteer at eighteen, the author of "The Federalist" at thirty, and Secretary of the Treasury at thirty-two. In the revolutionary hotbed of that wonderful time genius and talents were forced to an early and marvellous maturity.

After the boyish letter and the appearance in the counting-house, the mists close down again, and we only know that Hamilton wrote an account of a hurricane which attracted wide attention in the island, and that soon after some vague friends or relatives gave him money to go to the United States for an education, armed only with a letter from Dr. Knox, the Presbyterian clergyman who stands out as the one real figure in these early Nevis days, and who was the loving friend and helper of the clever boy. In October, 1772, Hamilton landed in Boston. There he emerges finally from the darkness which surrounds his early years, and from the Boston wharf he can be followed step by step through his great career to the pitiful end that lovely July morning by the banks of the Hudson.

From Boston he went to New York, thence to a school at Elizabethtown in New Jersey; thence to New York again to King's College, pressing his way through his studies with little regard to classes, but with a devouring eagerness to have done with preparation and get upon the field of action. He had not long to wait. The world was out of joint, and Hamilton, unlike Hamlet, a man of action, was quite prepared to do his share in setting it right. Some one noticed him at this time and set down his remembrance afterward, giving us a pleasant glimpse of the little West Indian student; small of stature, slight, with dark eyes, pacing up and down the Battery of an afternoon for exercise, and talking to himself. Meantime the throb of the great movement was growing stronger, and the roll of the drums, beating the march which was to shake the world, was drawing nearer, for it was here in the remote English Colonies that the beginning was to be made and the old order changed.

There was a meeting in the fields of New York in 1774 to advocate the patriot cause. The expected orators spoke, and when they had finished a boy of seventeen pressed up from the crowd and took the platform, hesitated for a moment and then poured forth an eager speech, saying those things which he thought were still unspoken. What he said has vanished like the people to whom he spoke. We

only know that his speech was a success, that the crowd cheered "the collegian" and that a great speaker then and there made his first speech. The boyish figure with the dark eyes and the eager speech stands out very clearly to us on that autumn day when he made his entrance on the stage of American history, a much more memorable event than any of his hearers guessed. The step was not taken lightly. Hamilton's instinctive prejudices drew him to the ministerial side, the side of power and order. His youth, his heart, his reason, his ambition, his sense of justice carried him to the other side, where he rightly belonged.

The next year he came out as a writer in two very able and admirably written pamphlets on the patriot side, and in reply to the Tories. It was an age of pamphlets and not of newspapers, and the ablest men in the country—and they were some of the ablest men then writing on politics in the English language—sought their public in that way. In this contested field the boy of eighteen took at once a first place, and so distinctly that his opponents made tempting but vain offers to draw him to their side. Those two essays are still good reading, not merely for their historical value, but because they are good literature. They had argument and thought, and the expression was clear and often eloquent. There are sentences instinct with life which we can quote to-day. Whether Hamilton was born with a good style or whether he had taught himself one by much reading, a good style he certainly had when he first began to write and publish.

Events, however, soon moved beyond the stage of speeches and pamphlets. The day of argument passed and that of war began. Hamilton was essentially, at all times, a man of action, and a military career appealed to him strongly. In 1776, the New York convention ordered a company of artillery to be raised, and Hamilton secured the command. He showed his capacity by making his company the best in drill and discipline in the army, and was so successful that he attracted the attention of Greene, who introduced him to Washington. He fought at Long Island, and showed coolness and courage in the way in which he brought up the rear after that defeat. He continued with the army on the retreat up the Hudson, and took part with his battery in the battle of White Plains. Thence he followed Washington to the Jerseys, and shared in the great campaign of Trenton and Princeton. His company had been severely treated in the hard fighting and marching, and now numbered only twenty-five men, but Hamilton had made such a reputation that in 1777 Washington appointed him aid on his staff, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, although he was only twenty years old. There he served for four years, not only performing all his military duties, but taking charge of most of the correspondence, and being entrusted also with the delicate and important mission to Gates, when it was necessary to get troops from him for the main army.

His position brought him also into connection with Arnold's treason, and he did all that a generous and sympathetic heart dictated to lighten the lot of the unfortunate André. The letters he wrote describing this incident are still the best account we have of it.

He left the staff in 1781, owing to a quarrel with the Commander-in-Chief, who had reproved him for keeping him waiting when he sent for him. Hamilton said, in a lofty manner, that he was not conscious of being disrespectful, but since Washington thought he had been, they must part. The outbreak was characteristic of Hamilton's hot temper, and also, it may be supposed, of the feeling which he had that he had not been advanced with sufficient rapidity. It was equally characteristic of Washington that he did not bear the least ill will toward his impulsive aide-de-camp, but on the contrary continued to treat him with all his former kindness. Washington was too great a man to take offense on trivial grounds, and as he was also one of the best judges of men that ever lived, he appreciated Hamilton's great talents and capacity. He gave him an opportunity to serve in the line, and entrusted him with the command of one of the storming parties at Yorktown. Hamilton carried the redoubt which had been assigned to him with one fiery charge, much more quickly than our French allies, to whom the other had been assigned.

Thus his military career closed with a brilliant action. Whether he had a real genius for war there is no means of determining. His service during the Revolution proved that he was a gallant and efficient officer, but he always felt himself that he had in him the capacity for high command and for the largest military operations. His opportunity in this direction never came, but a far larger opportunity was before him in the field of statesmanship,

although he perhaps did not realize when the war closed how great it was.

He became a lawyer and rose rapidly at the bar, but the instinct of the statesman was too strong within him to permit him to become entirely absorbed in his profession. He watched from day to day the growing weakness of the confederation. He maintained a correspondence with leading men throughout the country, looking constantly toward a better form of government. It was to him that we owe the prompt action which converted the very imperfect Annapolis convention into the stepping-stone for the convention which met at Philadelphia and there framed the Constitution of the United States. In that famous body Hamilton, although fettered by two hostile colleagues, who always cast the vote of his State against him, played a leading part, and on the frame of government which finally issued from the convention he left a deep impression. He himself desired, as the great speech in which he set forth his views showed, a much stronger system of government than that which was adopted. The explanation of his general attitude is not far to seek. Hamilton, we must remember, had no local attachments. Coming from a West Indian island he was an American, and not identified with the individual prejudices of the Colonies. His views, therefore, were entirely national, and he was without any of the strong local feeling which was very naturally characteristic of all other statesmen of that period, with the single exception of Washington. This was undoubtedly a source of strength, but it also led him to advocate measures which went too far to be practicable and made him impatient of what he considered very narrow and provincial politics. But although the convention did not adopt his extreme ideas, one of which was to have the governors of the States appointed by the President, there is no doubt that his plan and the manner in which he advocated it had a very powerful effect on the convention, invigorated their action, and strengthened the final result. After that result had been obtained, although it fell far short of his own wishes, he threw himself into the contest which ensued for the ratification of the Constitution. It was he who planned and chiefly wrote the famous papers now known as "The Federalist," one of the most remarkable contributions to the philosophy and practice of government and to the theory and construction of a federal system which has ever been written. It had an enormous effect on public opinion at the time, and has attained a permanent place among the great authorities which we have upon this subject. For a man less than thirty years old, who had never been out of an American colony, it was a marvellous performance. Nor did Hamilton's work for the Constitution stop with "The Federalist." It was owing to his zeal and energy, to his indomitable courage, and to his power in debate that a hostile majority in the New York convention was overcome and the ratification of the Constitution finally carried by a narrow margin.

Thus the government was formed. In April, 1789, Washington was inaugurated, and in September the act creating the Treasury Department was passed, and Hamilton was made Secretary of the Treasury. He was thirty-two years old. From Trumbull's portraits and the Ceracchi bust made from a life mask we can see how he looked. The portrait shows the keen strong face and dark eyes full of force, and also full of passionate energy. In the bust we get the shape of the head, which is almost classic in its symmetry and outline. The brow is high and broad, and the head behind full and ample in space. He must have been, if not regularly handsome in feature, very impressive in look, especially when his face lighted up with the excitement of debate. He was short but well made; slight but active; very quick in his movements, and the general impression he gave was one of great power and restless, untiring energy.

With the Treasury came his opportunity. To tell in detail the way he met it is impossible here, for it would involve a history of those memorable early years when the government was organized and set in motion. The rock on which the old confederation split was the financial question, and therefore the heaviest part in establishing the new government fell to Hamilton. The nation was without credit or revenue. He gave them both. There was no system of banking. He established one. In the first report on the public credit, one of the greatest of our state papers, he laid down a policy which brought us both credit and revenue. By the assumption of the State debts he raised our credit to a still higher point and bound the States to the general government. In his report on the national bank he called into life the implied powers of the Constitution and founded a system of constitutional construction upon which parties

have divided ever since, and which has done more than anything else to develop the power and authority of the national government. In his report on manufactures, he set forth in an argument which has been often contradicted but never answered the policy which was to secure our industrial independence. The American people have clung to that policy ever since, and, although there have been occasional relapses, and parties have fought over the issue, Hamilton's tariff principles have prevailed and have always risen stronger after each assault upon them. In his report on coinage he discussed that difficult subject in all its bearings with a knowledge worthy of a specialist and a breadth and grasp which no specialist could have shown. Within the past year that famous report has been studied and discussed by thousands of men, and Hamilton's name has been heard familiarly in regions where, in his day, no white man's foot had ever trod. Foreign affairs were not within his province, yet his influence was undoubted in this direction when Washington was laying down the great lines along which the country ever since has moved. He mastered them as he mastered every subject, and it was Talleyrand who said of him that "Hamilton had divined Europe."

Out of these great policies came not only material and practical results, but a school of political thought, and hence a great political division and a party which believed in Hamilton's principles as the foundation of sound government. The leading idea for which Hamilton stood and stands is nationality; that is, the subordination of the States and the development of the central government. With this went necessarily the doctrine of a liberal as opposed to a strict construction of the Constitution, the establishment of strongly organized departments, effective, affirmative legislation, and the vigorous exercise of all the powers of the United States. Hence it was that as Hamilton developed his policies, and as his scheme of government came out strong, compact, and clear, the leader of the opposition to these ideas rose up by his side in the person of Jefferson, Secretary of State in the same cabinet. Hence came the fundamental division of our parties, and when at last civil war broke upon our country, it was Hamilton's creed of nationality and union which triumphed in the court of last resort.

It was a great work for one man; the greatest constructive work that any man was doing at that time anywhere, and when he left the cabinet after nearly six years' service the task was done. He never held civil office again. He sustained Washington with voice and pen to the end of his administration, and when the alarm of war with France came he was placed next to Washington and in active command of the provisional army. Then came the miserable quarrels and dissensions with John Adams, which divided and defeated the Federalists, and after this all opportunity for future service in public office was at an end. He contributed powerfully to defeat the intrigue which sought to put Jefferson aside and make Burr President, but the few remaining years were given almost entirely to brilliant professional work. At last Burr forced a personal quarrel upon him. Hamilton, haunted by the delusion that a struggle was impending between the forces of order and those of disorder, and that his power and leadership would be lost if he flinched from a duel, accepted the challenge. They met by the banks of the Hudson, and Hamilton fell mortally wounded at the first fire. He was only forty-seven.

The end was tragic, and his death premature, but his work was done and his fame was safe. He was, first of all, a great constructive statesman; but he was distinguished in many other ways. He was a man of accurate and penetrating thought, and a writer of high rank. He had a clear, nervous, and effective style, and it is this which preserves the savor of books, if not the substance, and enables men to quote them and to feel that the thought still lives. His speeches have perished, but we know from contemporary evidence that he was a great orator, full of fire and passion, able to turn a great assembly, as in the New York convention, or to expose a criminal, as when in the darkening court he set the witness between two candles so that all the light was on the man's face, and then, by his cross-examination, broke him down. His errors were those of passion. Passion of one sort led him into the wretched intrigue which he confessed to clear his public honor, and passion of another sort caused the proposition to Jay to defeat the will of the people of New York. The brilliant, cold, penetrating intellect was one side of the man, the passionate, fervid temperament the other. Such a man made devoted friends and bitter enemies. His frankness, honesty, and quick sympathy, his humor, his earnestness, his high spirits, made him be-

loved at home and abroad. His impatience with stupidity or slowness and his commanding temper made for him foes in public life. But that which history preserves and the American people cherish, is his great services to the cause of nationality and the masterly policies which have done so much to make the nation and guide her along the pathway of her mighty destiny.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Born at Nevis, W. I., January 11, 1757? Died in New York, July 12, 1804.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON did not live long enough to make many sacrifices on the painter's throne; yet he has left enough portraits to make his iconography interesting, covering, as it does, nearly a quarter century of his short life. Six original portraits are here reproduced, and the only ones that can be authenticated. They are by Charles Willson Peale in 1778 and in 1791, by John Trumbull in 1792, by Joseph Ceracchi in 1794, by James Sharples in 1796, and one by an unknown hand and of an unknown date, but from its character and interesting history, probably the latest of those here reproduced.

There are three other portraits of Hamilton, known only, however, by engravings; the most diligent inquiry having failed to locate the original paintings. One of these was a miniature painted by Walter Robertson, in 1795. It was engraved by George Graham and published the following year, in New York, by the Tory printer, James Rivington. Soon afterward Rollinson and Tanner each engraved it. Robertson practised in Dublin before he came to this country, and there held the first place in the art of miniature painting in Ireland. His style was essentially his own. His portraits were beautifully executed, but unnatural in their tone and color, being artificial throughout. He wrote to John Jay April 15, 1796, asking him to sit for his portrait, "for the purpose of being engraved as a companion to two prints of the President and Colonel Hamilton." Soon after this Robertson went to India, where he is said to have died. Another lost portrait of Hamilton was painted by Archibald Robertson, who was not related to the preceding or "Irish" Robertson, as he was called. Archibald Robertson was born near Aberdeen, Scotland, and was the eldest of three brothers who practised the art of miniature painting. He came to New York in 1791, and was soon followed by his brother Alexander, while the youngest brother, Andrew, remained at home and became the most eminent artist of the three. There is no record of the year when Archibald Robertson painted Hamilton, of whom he is said to have made two pictures, one, miniature on ivory, of the head, and another, a small cabinet picture on marble, showing the figure at three-quarter length. This last was engraved by William Rollinson immediately after the duel and published, by painter and engraver jointly, September 1, 1804. This portrait of Hamilton is one of the most commonly known from its having been engraved for the "National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans" in 1835, and twenty years later for Irving's "Washington." The third lost portrait of Hamilton was painted by Ezra Ames of Albany, and has been at least twice engraved, by Leney and by Hoogland. It certainly seems remarkable that these three portraits should have disappeared so completely, and it would be highly gratifying if this publication should be the means of discovering any of them.

Special mention must be made of one important portrait that is not reproduced—important, because, while not painted from life, many claim that it was, and it is well known from having been often engraved. It is in the Governor's room of the City Hall, New York. It was painted by John Trumbull, but has in some unaccountable way had the name of "Weimar" frequently attached to it as the painter, albeit no painter is known bearing this name. Trumbull painted a whole length portrait of Hamilton, in 1792, for the merchants of New York, which was presented by them to the Chamber of Commerce. Early in 1794, Trumbull sailed with John

Jay for England as Secretary of Legation, where he remained ten years, only returning to New York a fortnight before Hamilton's fatal duel. A few months later the corporation of New York requested him to paint a whole length portrait of Hamilton, as a companion to one of Jay previously ordered. In Trumbull's autograph "*Mem. of work done at New York*, 1804-5," now before me, he writes, under date of December 22: "Whole length portrait of General Hamilton for city. Dress black. Background gray architecture, deep orange curtain, mahogany table with books and papers. *Done from Ceracchi's bust.* Successful in point of likeness and a happy composition. $500." He makes a like record in his "Autobiography."

Seeing therefore that this portrait was painted from Ceracchi's marble, and not until after Hamilton's death, it shows that not one of the bust portraits of Hamilton by Trumbull of this same type was painted from life, although the owners of them cling with tenacity to fallacious traditions that they were. One of these is in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, bequeathed by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who inherited it from Colonel Perkins of Boston, for whom Trumbull painted it in 1806, "about the same time," Mr. Winthrop says, "with the portrait for Hon. George Cabot, which Mr. Cabot Lodge now [1881] has." Perkins's letter to Trumbull ordering the picture is dated "Boston, April 11, 1806," and in it he says: "We have seen here a painting of Gen. Hamilton which you executed for Mr. I. P. Davis. I understand you have another equally correct as respects resemblance to the original. If this be true and you will dispose of it to me for the same price, which Mr. Davis gave you for his, namely one hundred dollars, I will thank you to send it round to me by first conveyance carefully cased." From Trumbull's MSS. list it would seem that Mr. Davis got (March 3, 1806) two copies of this portrait, which Trumbull enters "Copied from large picture." Opposite the Perkins entry is "Hamilton again. Copy." From November, 1805, to March, 1806, he sold four copies of this portrait.

Trumbull made the great mistake, in both of his whole length portraits of Hamilton, of representing him as a large man, instead of which Hamilton was quite small, under middle size and spare in person, but erect and dignified in his carriage. "His complexion was exceedingly fair, and varying from this only by the almost feminine rosiness of his cheeks." His hair was light, his eyes dark and exceedingly bright, and his face when at rest "had rather a severe and thoughtful expression, but when engaged in conversation it easily assumed an attractive smile."

It was the intention to present portraits of the wives of the eminent men depicted in this series, but the only known one of Deborah Franklin, while full of character, was in such condition as not to lend itself to satisfactory reproduction, and of Martha Washington there were so many portraits that they will be given a distinct monograph. Therefore it is Mrs. Alexander Hamilton whose portraits will first appear, and perhaps it is not inappropriate that the woman most distinguished personally among the wives of "great Americans" should lead.

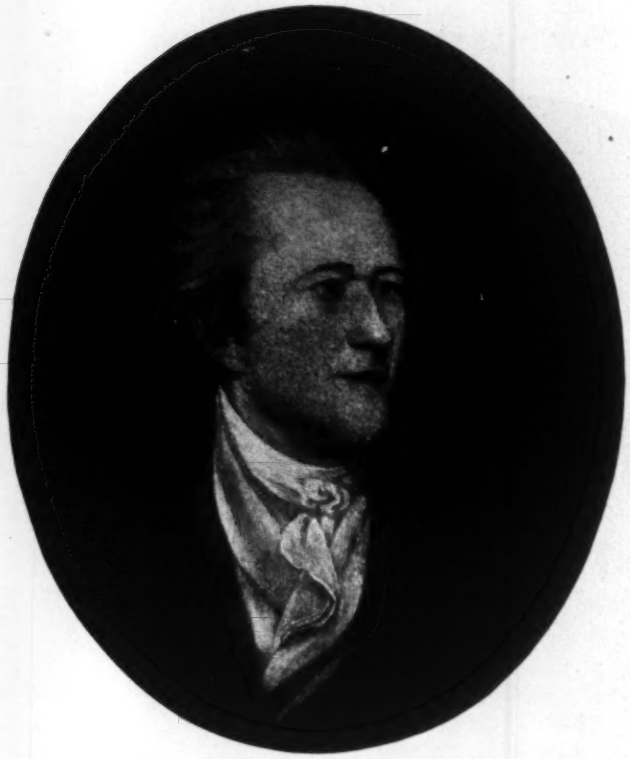
Alexander Hamilton, then an aide to Washington, married, December 14, 1780, at the famed Schuyler homestead, Albany, New York, Elizabeth, daughter of General Philip Schuyler and Katharine Van Rensselaer, his wife. Miss Schuyler was then in her twenty-fourth year and noted for her beauty of mind and person, which grew with her strength and was undiminished when she died in Washington, District of Columbia, on November 9, 1854, past half a century of widowhood and the patriarchal age of ninety-seven years. Brissot de Warville, who knew Mrs. Hamilton in the heyday of her career, describes her as "a charming woman, who joined to the graces all the candor and simplicity of the American wife." She rendered her husband valuable assistance in his labors, kept his books and papers in order for him, and preserved the large collection of manuscripts which she sold to the United States Government a few years before her death, and without which many important pages of our national history would be misunderstood if not wholly unwritten.

Fortunately, Mrs. Hamilton's portraiture exhibits her in three distinct periods of her long life: in 1787, by Ralph Earl; in 1825, by Henry Inman, and in 1846 and 1851, by Eastman Johnson and Charles Martin, respectively. As Mrs. Hamilton lived well into the early days of the daguerreotype, there were doubtless one or more of these mechanical pictures taken of her, but none has come to light.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON. AGE ABOUT 21. C. W. PEALE.

Painted by Charles Willson Peale in the winter of 1777–78. Enlarged from the original miniature on ivory, $1\frac{5}{8}$ by $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches, now first identified and published. Owned by Miss Mary Burt, of Philadelphia. This portrait, although the first in the series of Hamilton's iconography, is the last discovered, having only come to light since this article was sent to the printer. It is absolutely new. Not only has it never been reproduced, but hitherto it has been unidentified as Alexander Hamilton. It was painted by Peale, doubtless in the winter of 1777–78, when he was with the army, and the officers had little better to do than to sit for their portraits. It remained in his possession and in that of his last surviving child, Titian R. Peale, for a century, when it was purchased by the present owner as a miniature of Washington, and as such the writer's attention was invited to it. That it bore no possible resemblance to Washington, as we know him delineated in more than two-score life portraits, was apparent at first sight, and Peale was too good a draughtsman to get so far away from his subject. Beyond this, the picture bears its own undeniable proof that it was not intended for Washington. That proof is found in the color of the ribband across the breast, which is *green*. By an order issued from headquarters, at Cambridge, July 14, 1775, Washington prescribed that he should be distinguished by "a light blue ribband, wore across his breast between his coat and waistcoat;" Majors and Brigadiers-General "by a pink ribband wore in like manner," and "The Aids de Camp by a *Green* ribband." The color of the ribband in this miniature, therefore, settled that it was the portrait of an aide-de-camp, and left only the identity to be established. With Hamilton's marked physiognomy fresh in one's mind, the identification was not difficult, as the succeeding reproductions will exemplify. Thus we are enabled, by this unexpected discovery at the eleventh hour, to make a most important contribution to the Life Portraits of Great Americans, by presenting a much earlier likeness of Alexander Hamilton than hitherto has been known to exist. It is beautifully executed, as fresh in color as though it were just painted, and most interesting for its typical characteristics. Owing to its minute size it has been deemed advisable to reproduce it here very much enlarged, so that its strong features can be the more readily observed.



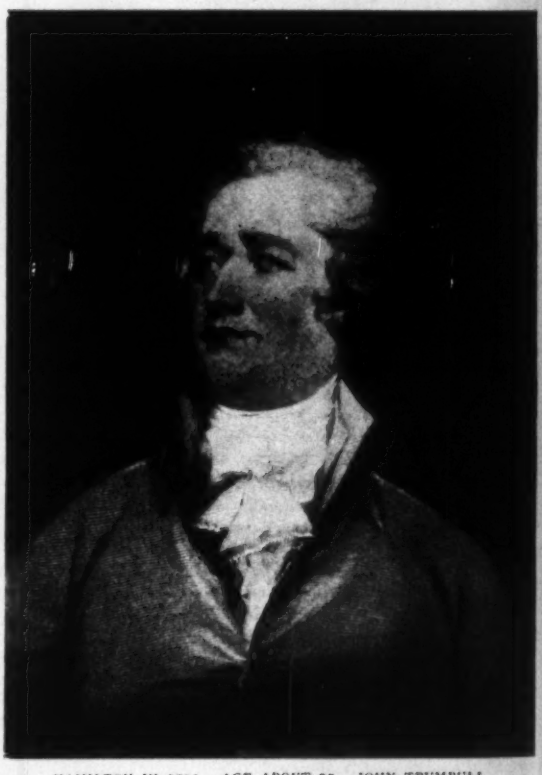
HAMILTON IN 1791. AGE ABOUT 34. C. W. PEALE.

HAMILTON IN 1791. AGE ABOUT 34. PAINTED BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE.

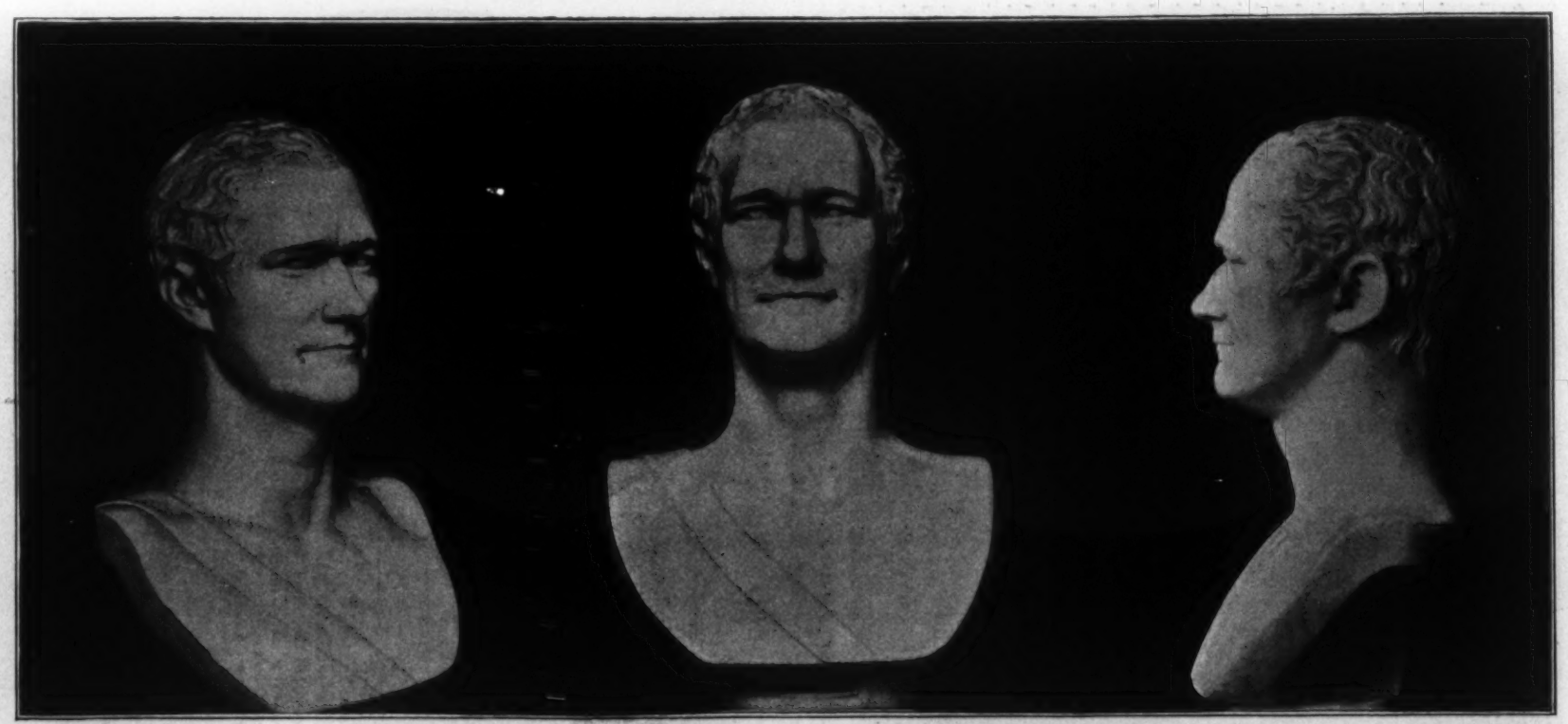
From the original portrait painted by Charles Willson Peale in 1791, now in Independence Hall, and owned by the city of Philadelphia. Canvas, oval, 19 by 23 inches. Until the very recent discovery of the early portrait shown on page 509, there were supposed to be but two portraits of Hamilton by C. W. Peale in existence—the original here reproduced, and a repetition of it, in military uniform, owned by the New York Historical Society. This one was of particular interest, therefore, as being the earliest portrait of Hamilton known, having been taken when he was thirty-four, assuming the correctness of the date usually assigned for his birth. But Hamilton's mature appearance in this portrait, as well as his achievements, make the year assigned for his birth doubtful. This portrait appears in the first catalogue of the Peale Museum collection, printed in 1795, and thereafter regularly until 1854, when it was purchased by the city of Philadelphia.

HAMILTON IN 1792. AGE ABOUT 35. JOHN TRUMBULL.

From the original portrait painted by John Trumbull in 1792. Owned by Colonel William Jay, Bedford, New York. Canvas, 25 by 30 inches. This portrait was painted by Trumbull for John Jay, with whom he was on terms of familiar intercourse. From it he painted the whole-length picture (58 by 86 inches) for the merchants of New York, now belonging to the Chamber of Commerce of that city. A committee of the merchants writing to Hamilton requesting that he would sit for the latter portrait added, "You will also be pleased to permit the representation to exhibit such part of your political life as may be most agreeable to yourself." To this Hamilton replied: "I shall cheerfully obey their wish as far as respects the taking of my portrait, but I ask that they will permit it to appear not connected with any incident of my political life. The simple representation of their fellow citizen and friend will best accord with my feeling." A comparative study of these two pictures presents a good object lesson in distinguishing between original portraits from life and replicas and copies. The life portrait is full of character and animation, and is drawn with directness and freedom, qualities distinctly lacking in the whole-length picture. Trumbull made several repetitions of this bust portrait, one of them being in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and another in the gallery of the Essex Institute, at Salem, Massachusetts.

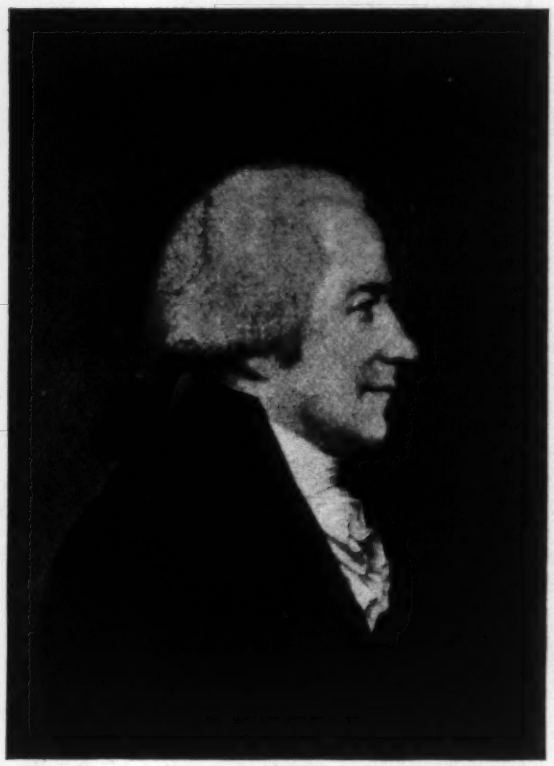


HAMILTON IN 1792. AGE ABOUT 35. JOHN TRUMBULL.



HAMILTON IN 1794. AGE ABOUT 37. MODELLED BY CERACCHI.

Modelled by Joseph Ceracchi in 1794. From the original marble in the Lenox Gallery; owned by the Public Library of New York. Ceracchi's bust of Alexander Hamilton has always been accorded the first place as a correct resemblance of the great financial statesman. No more convincing recognition of its value as a likeness could be given than by Trumbull's selecting it, instead of his own portrait from life of two years earlier, from which to paint the head in the whole-length picture ordered by the city of New York, after Hamilton's death. This bust remained in the possession of Mrs. Hamilton until her death, when it became the property of her son, Mr. James A. Hamilton, from whom it was inherited by his son, Alexander Hamilton, who died in 1889, having bequeathed it on the death of his widow to the Astor Library. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, the second, died in the spring of last year, when the bequest became operative, and this fine marble became the property of the public. Cut in the back of the bust is this inscription: "De Facie Philadelphiæ ex ectipo Florenciæ Faciebat. Jos. Ceracchi. CIↃDCCLXXXXIV." An unknown writer more than half a century ago said: "It has been Hamilton's good fortune that his lineaments have gone down ennobled by the genius of Ceracchi, and that solemn and majestic face, which would not have been particularly striking under any ordinary hand, is literally a part of his fame."



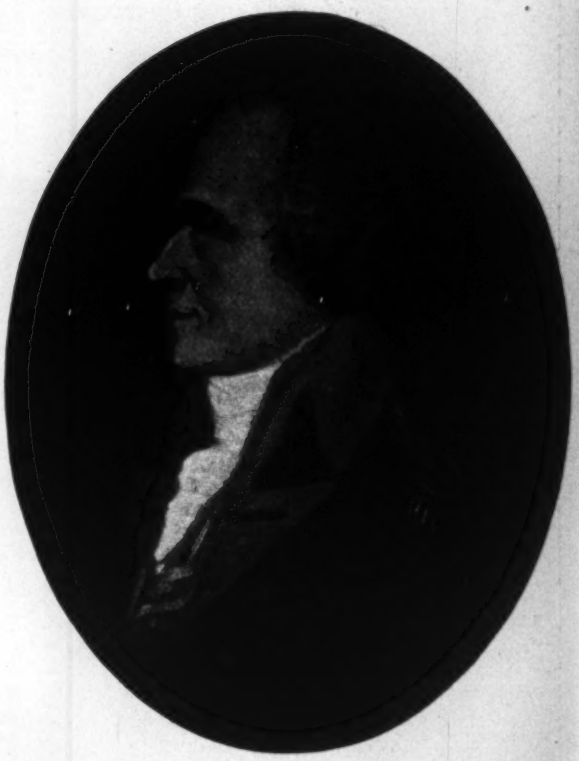
HAMILTON IN 1796. AGE ABOUT 39. SHARPLES.

HAMILTON IN 1796. AGE ABOUT 39. JAMES SHARPLES.

From the original pastel by James Sharples, 1796; owned by Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, New York. Size, 6 by 8 inches. There are two original portraits of Hamilton by Sharples; the one here reproduced, profile to right, and another, owned by the Misses Hamilton, profile to the left. Otherwise than as showing different sides of the face there is no material difference in the two pictures. A crude copy by Felix T. Sharples is in the New York Historical Society. When Talleyrand came to this country in 1794, he soon became intimate with Hamilton, and before returning to France, two years later, had repeatedly asked Mrs. Hamilton for this recently drawn Sharples crayon of her husband, which she declined to let him have. When Talleyrand called to take farewell, Mrs. Hamilton was not at home. He took the picture from the wall, and telling Hamilton that he must make his peace with Mrs. Hamilton, carried off the prize. After the duel, Mrs. Hamilton sent word to Talleyrand that she wished him to restore the picture. This he did, first having two miniature copies made on porcelain by Chatres, one of which he sent out to the general's son, William Hamilton, with the original, and it has become known as "The Talleyrand miniature of Hamilton." The story is told that Aaron Burr, calling upon Talleyrand in France, was confronted with this miniature hanging over the mantel-piece, and was so disconcerted by it that he retired in confusion, without making known the object of his visit. The miniature copy that came to this country is owned by Mr. Philip Schuyler, of Irvington, New York.

HAMILTON ABOUT 1797. AGE ABOUT 40.

From the original picture, by an unknown artist, in the possession of General Schuyler Hamilton, New York. This portrait is of especial interest from having been given by Hamilton to his classmate and putative brother, Dr. Edward Stevens (the resemblance between the two is said to have been very striking), as the latter was leaving for his home in the West Indies, with the remark, "It is said to be the best likeness of me yet taken." Subsequently Dr. Stevens's son gave it to Mr. John C. Hamilton, who thought so highly of it as a likeness that he early invoked the aid of photography to copy it, and freely presented the prints to admirers of his distinguished father. The uniform would indicate that it was painted prior to Hamilton's appointment as Inspector-General of the provisional army in 1798.



HAMILTON ABOUT 1797. AGE ABOUT 40.

1787. AGE 30.

1825. AGE 68.

1846. AGE 89.

1851. AGE 94.

FOUR LIFE PORTRAITS OF MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

The first of these four portraits is from an original owned by Mr. Philip Schuyler, Irvington, New York, and painted by Ralph Earle in 1787, when Mrs. Hamilton was thirty years old. The artist at the time was in prison for debt, and Mrs. Hamilton sat to him in order to aid in his release.—The second portrait is from an original miniature on ivory painted by Henry Inman in 1825, when Mrs. Hamilton was sixty-eight, and now owned by the Misses Hamilton, New York.—The third portrait is from an original pencil drawing made by Eastman Johnson in 1846, when Mrs. Hamilton was eighty-nine. It has never been reproduced before, and is reproduced now by the special permission of the artist, who himself owns it. In March, 1846, Mr. Johnson had a studio in the Capitol at Washington, and one day Mrs. Hamilton wandered into it. Mr. Johnson got her permission to make this sketch, of which he writes, "It was a perfectly good likeness of a pretty, frowzy old lady."—The fourth portrait is from an original crayon made by Charles Martin in 1851, when Mrs. Hamilton was ninety-four, and now owned by Mr. Philip Schuyler, Irvington, New York.

"WHITEHAVEN," THE DENT HOMESTEAD NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

Redrawn from an old drawing owned by Mrs. U. S. Grant.

GRANT'S LIFE IN MISSOURI.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

GRANT AS A PIONEER FARMER IN MISSOURI AND REAL ESTATE BROKER IN ST. LOUIS.—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF HIM BY THE WIFE OF HIS OLD PARTNER IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS.—REMOVAL TO GALENA.

WHEN Ulysses Grant, having resigned from the army and left his post on the Pacific slope, returned to St. Louis in the autumn of 1854, he found the city and country much the same as when he had last seen them. Colonel Dent, his father-in-law, still lived at "Whitehaven," and through the autumn and the following winter Grant had his residence there too, taking a hand in everything which needed to be done about the place. Probably it was during this winter that Colonel Dent set aside some sixty or eighty acres of land for Mrs. Grant and the captain; and together they began to plan the campaign of 1855.

Grant began at the bottom, as a laborer, for he had nothing to start with—no money, no tools, no horses. He and young Jefferson Sappington bound wheat side by side, in the good old fashion, behind stalwart, shining negro cradlers. The people were more markedly Southern in character than those of Grant's native country, and many were slaveholders. Their houses were modifications of the backwoodsman's cabin, like those in the Ohio valley, with the wide galleries of the South added. Some of them are standing to-day, picturesque and hospitable in appearance, consistent and dignified as types of native architecture. Around many of

MRS. U. S. GRANT AND HER TWO ELDEST CHILDREN, FREDERICK D. AND ULYSSES S. JR., ABOUT 1854

From a daguerreotype taken at St. Louis, now owned by Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr., and reproduced here with his permission.

them stood little shanties of hewn logs in which the slaves lived in careless squalor. The abolition movement was at its height at this time, and had affected some of the advanced thinkers to the point of liberating their black men; but Colonel Dent and most of his immediate neighbors remained slaveholders to the last.

GRANT CLEARS A FARM AND BUILDS A CABIN FOR HIS FAMILY.

Grant lived one year under his father-in-law's roof, and then, in the early fall of 1855, he set forth to build a home of his own upon the land which Colonel Dent had set aside for his use, and to that end he felled trees and hewed logs. At last the logs were ready to put into place, and invitations were sent out for "the raising." The calls were cheerily answered, for Captain Grant had already made a favorable impression upon the neighbors by his hard work and by his unassuming manners. The helpers swarmed in like bees. The Sappingtons, the Longs, and the Wrights sent in hands, both white and black. Fenton Long took a corner position, Captain Grant another, and at a third intersection was stationed one of Colonel Dent's negroes, a powerful axman, for the notching and fitting where the logs intersected required men who were quick on their feet and strong and true with the ax. "I remember it all very well," says Henry Clay Wright.* "The building was a big, two-room cabin of hewn logs, with a hall in

*Captain Henry Clay Wright, provost marshal during the war. Grant afterwards made him Appraiser of the Port at St. Louis.

"HARDSCRABBLE," THE FARM-HOUSE BUILT BY CAPTAIN U. S. GRANT IN 1855, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

the middle. It had also an upper story with two large rooms. It was a very comfortable place to live in." It is still standing, but has been removed to a nearby village as a relic.

Grant having in mind the conditions under which the house was built, and foreseeing the conditions under which he must continue to live, immediately called his residence "Hardscrabble." It was, as a matter of fact, more ambitious than the first homes of many young married people of the neighborhood, and though the furniture was scanty and plain, a rude sort of comfort was possible within its walls. Grant is said to have put in the windows and doors himself. Frederick Dent, Grant's West Point comrade and brother-in-law, helped him to other necessaries in the way of tools and furniture.

Charles Ford, the manager of the United States Express at St. Louis, was an old-time acquaintance of Grant's from Sackett's Harbor, and through his aid, according to Walter Camp and Captain Wright, Captain Grant acquired on easy terms a very fine span of express horses which became at once the wonder of the neighborhood. The acquirement of a span of horses set him up in business, and he at once began hauling wood to St. Louis and props to the coal mines near by, and was able also to do teaming for his father-in-law. The tradition is that he was the first man to carry into St. Louis a full cord of wood at one load with two horses. His horses not merely helped him to earn money, they were a pleasure to him. He never forgot Ford's kindness.

GRANT'S RELATIONS WITH HIS NEIGHBORS, AND THEIR RECOLLECTIONS OF HIM.

Henry Wright at this time owned a grist mill not far from the Dent farm, and recalls a few scenes connected with Grant's life in Gravois. "Captain Grant used to come almost every week to my mill," says Mr. Wright, "to get corn and wheat ground. The first time I ever saw him was at a sale. He was a small, thin man then, with a close-cropped, brown beard. He had no overcoat, I remember, and he wore tall boots, quite unlike any others in the neighborhood. He was living with Colonel Dent at that time, and his cabin had not been built. I think he was at the sale to buy some hogs."

A second winter was spent in teaming to St. Louis, the barracks, and the mines, and in the spring Grant began to clear the land for a crop. There was little money to be

had by the wealthiest farmers, and none at all by Captain Grant, except by means of prop-hauling and wood-selling. "We all spent a good deal of time clearing land," says Jefferson Sappington, an old neighbor. "We burned a great deal of timber, but Grant burned none. He made everything count. There was a lot of young timber on his land, and that he made into props. He worked very hard, and raised wheat, corn, and garden stuff. There wasn't a lazy bone in his body. His tools were always in order. He was always a gentleman, and a kind, indulgent father. He loved horses and cattle, and every animal about his farm was a pet. He hadn't an enemy that I ever knew of, and I never knew him to have any trouble."

"We all liked him," says Captain Wright. "We knew him to be a man of education and a veteran of the Mexican War, and nobody ever presumed to be familiar with him. He had a quiet way of keeping people at arm's length." He took part in many of the neighborhood entertainments, at least to the point of accompanying Mrs. Grant to the quiltings or socials and looking on. He sometimes took a hand at cards with mild interest. "I remember his coming to my house once," continues Captain Wright, "and bringing Mrs. Grant to a quilting. They came on horseback, each with a child on behind. I used to see them often at dances, but of course Grant took no part in that." Oswald Sturdy recollects seeing him at the shooting matches in the early fall when they met to compete for the quarters of a bullock. "He was a fairly good shot at a mark, and sometimes carried off a quarter of beef," says Mr. Sturdy.

It was a laborious life, but had, after all, its peculiar pleasures. Once, long after, in walking over the old farm, Grant pointed out some stumps, and said: "I moistened the ground around those stumps with many a drop of sweat." He paused a little, and then added, "But they were happy days."

When they had lived perhaps a year in the new cabin, Mrs. Grant's brother Lewis moved away to the farther West, and the Grants took his house, a Gothic cottage, named "Wish-ton-Wish," which stood on the edge of a beautiful forest, across the creek from Whitehaven, about a mile distant, and overlooking the Gravois road, which was the main thoroughfare to St. Louis. In 1856 Mrs. Dent died, and Colonel Dent returned to St. Louis to live, and Captain Grant took charge of Whitehaven and assumed control of the slaves, tools, and teams, such as they were.

As to what Grant thought of slavery at that time there is no available record, except that his neighbors all considered him a Northern man and not a slavery man. Doubtless he felt slavery to be wrong, but acquiesced in it to the extent of making use of the negroes left in his charge. His teaming to St. Louis and the barracks, where he sold firewood, still continued, and "he unloaded many a cord of wood in the back yards of St. Louis aristocrats of that time." *

Fellow-officers remember meeting him on the street during this period, "a man with an all-pervading air of hard luck and vain regrets," dressed in farmer fashion, with his trousers tucked into his old military boots. General Longstreet recalls a day in St. Louis when Grant was invited to be a party once more to an old-time game of "brag" with Longstreet and two other army comrades. "He seemed quite the same as when I saw him last, just after the Mexican War," says Longstreet; "a little older, and a little graver perhaps. He was dressed plainly but neatly. He talked very little about himself, merely answered questions, but seemed to enjoy the references to old times in the Mexican War."

GRANT'S POLITICAL OPINIONS AT THIS TIME.

A Northern man, married into a slave-owning family, and surrounded by slave-owning neighbors upon whom he was in a sense dependent, it would be interesting to know what were Grant's political sentiments and opinions at this time. But he rarely talked politics outside of his most intimate circle of friends. This much is certain, he voted for Buchanan in 1858; and George W. Fishback, the editor of the old "Missouri Democrat," intimates that Grant expressed to him a foreboding of trouble, and that he voted for Buchanan in the hope that Buchanan's election "would put the struggle four years farther off."

Captain H. C. Wright, who was running for the legislature on the Whig ticket that year, and met Grant at the polling place, says: "He came up to me and said, 'Mr. Wright, I have voted for you to-day, not on the ground of politics, for I am a

* He said, at a later date: "I barked a tree in driving into Congressman Blow's yard, and Mrs. Blow came out and gave me a valuable rating."

Democrat, but because I think you are the best man for the place.' He never talked politics with me afterward. We were all slaveholding farmers in that day, and Grant's wife had a couple of slaves, and yet we felt that he was not exactly one of us." *

Grant toiled hard, but gained little. This can hardly be counted against him, for the West was passing through a money panic, and the impending struggle between North and South was affecting everything bought and sold. The whole nation was in an uneasy condition. In spite of all drawbacks, however, up to a time when he fell ill of fever and ague, Grant steadily though slowly pulled ahead, so that when, in 1858, he determined to leave the farm, he had some little property to sell at public sale.

In the midst of his own trouble and poverty he still never forgot others. "I was appointed one of three road commissioners to lay off a road," Captain Wright relates, "and we met over near Grant's farm, at a blacksmith shop kept by a man named Wise. When I got there Wise was telling Fent Long about the burning down of a widow's house the night before. He said he was going to get up a subscription for her. Some of us offered to contribute what we could spare, and while we were talking about it, Grant came up and wanted to know what it was all about. Wise told him. 'Well,' said Grant, 'it certainly is a sad story; here are five dollars for her.' We all knew it was the pay for a load of props, and probably it was all the money he had; but that's the kind of a man he was."

REMOVAL TO ST. LOUIS.—MRS. BOGGS'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Of the next phase of Grant's life, we derive an intimate and very interesting view from the reminiscences of Mrs. Louisa Boggs, now living, a widow, in St. Louis. With her husband, Harry Boggs, Grant formed a partnership in the real estate business on giving up his farm and removing into the town of St. Louis.

"The proposition [for the partnership] came through the Dents, who were related to Mr. Boggs," says Mrs. Boggs.* "Mrs. Grant was always ambitious for her husband, and it seemed a rise in affairs to come into town. Captain Grant had not done very well on the farm, partly because he was no hand to manage negroes. He couldn't drive them to work, and so took the brunt of it himself. I know he worked hard and faithfully; but he gave it up at last, and tried to get something to do in town. He walked the streets for some time, trying to get work, and at last Colonel Dent asked Mr. Boggs if he could not employ him. It never was in Ulysses Grant to push himself forward. Mr. Boggs was doing a good business then, and really needed somebody; so Captain Grant came into the firm, practically as a clerk, for he had no money to invest. He was to pay a bonus for the privilege, and afterwards did pay it, I believe. He did clerical work, and wrote a good clear hand, but wasn't of much use. He hadn't the push of a business man.

"He couldn't bring his family into town that winter, so he lived with us. We gave him an unfurnished, back room, and told him to fit it up as he pleased. It contained very little during the winter he lived there. He had a bed, and a bowl and a pitcher on a chair; and, as he had no stove, he used to sit at our fire almost every evening. On Saturdays he went home. He lived in this way all winter, for it was spring before he got his Lynch Street house and moved his little family into it. I can see him now as he used to sit so humbly at our fireside. He had no exalted opinion of himself at any time, but in those days he seemed almost in despair. He was not fitted for civilian life. We thought him a man of ability, but in the wrong place. His mind was not on business matters. His intentions were good, but he hadn't the faculty to solicit, or to keep small affairs in order.

"I don't recall that he was ill when he lived with us, but he seemed to me much depressed. He would smile at times, but I never heard him laugh aloud. He was a sad man. He was always a gentleman, and everybody loved him, for he was so gentle and considerate; but we didn't see what he could do in the world. He had resigned from the army, and had failed at farming, and so, after trying him in busi-

* A curious incident of this time was the appointment of U. S. Grant as an appraiser of the negroes of the estate of Richard Wells. The report to the Honorable Probate Court is signed by U. S. Grant, Thaddeus Lovejoy, and James L. Kennerly. "It was simply a neighborly act," says Captain Wright, "such as any man would do for a friend."

* In an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine. Mrs. Boggs was for many years a teacher in the public schools of St. Louis. The author of the present paper, in his conversations with her, found her a thoughtful and cultivated woman, with a very clear memory of those ante-bellum days to which her reminiscences relate.

ness, what could we think but that he was a man without a vocation? He did not blame us for thinking poorly of his powers; he thought poorly of himself. I don't think he saw any light ahead at that time, not a particle. I don't believe he had any ambition other than to educate his children and take care of his family.

"His mind was always somewhere else. He said very little unless some war topic came up. If you mentioned Napoleon's battles or the Mexican War or the question of secession, he was fluent enough. He used to talk politics with us very well, but at that time it was not generally known where he stood, though we never doubted his position. He was Northern, while Mr. Boggs and I were both Southern in sentiment.

"He was always a very domestic man, and extremely homelike in his ways. His wife had very great influence over him, and he had the highest regard for her. Mrs. Dent was always friendly. She believed in him. She was a very imaginative woman, and used to have wonderful dreams. She had a dream once of Ulysses wherein she saw everybody bowing down to him, and she persisted in thinking her dream a prophecy of future greatness for Ulysses, though the rest of us gave it little thought.

"The partnership with Mr. Boggs continued nearly a year, but at last hard times came on, and all business grew 'panicky,' and there was not enough in the venture for two families to live on. So Grant drew out, and tried, without success, to get into something else."

J. G. McClelland, of the firm of McClelland, Hilyer, and Moody, St. Louis, supplies some additional information with regard to the partnership of Boggs and Grant. "Our firm," says he, "had the parlors of an old French mansion on Pine Street between Second and Third. Moody had the back room, and Hilyer and I the front. We allowed Harry Boggs to have a desk there, and Grant and Boggs had some kind of a partnership in the real estate business. Grant didn't seem to be just calculated for business, but a more honest, more generous man never lived. I don't believe he knew what dishonor was."

AN APPLICANT FOR THE OFFICE OF COUNTY ENGINEER.

The firm announced itself by a card as prepared to buy and sell real estate, collect loans and rents, and also to buy and sell negotiable paper. This business demands a persuasive and tireless talker, and again Ulysses Grant found himself at a disadvantage. "He had no power to banter or beguile or persuade," says his old friend George W. Fishback. In August, 1859, the discouraged but still struggling man tried for a new position. The office of county engineer was about to be vacant, and immediately upon hearing of this, Grant wrote the following letter to the Board of County Commissioners, which had the power of appointing to this office:

ST. LOUIS, *August* 15, 1859.

HON. COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
ST. LOUIS CO., MO.

Gentlemen: I beg leave to submit myself as an applicant for County Engineer should the office be rendered vacant, and at the same time to submit the names of a few citizens who have been kind enough to recommend me for the office. I have made no effort to get a large number of names, nor the names of persons with whom I am not personally acquainted.

I enclose herewith, also, a statement from Professor Reynolds, who was a classmate of mine at West Point, as to qualifications.

Should your honorable body see proper to give me the appointment, I pledge myself to give the office my entire attention, and shall hope to give general satisfaction.

Very respectfully,
Your Ob't Sv't,
U. S. GRANT.

Appended to the application was the following endorsement from J. J. Reynolds, then Professor of Mechanics and Engineering in Washington University, St. Louis, and afterwards a Union general in the Civil War:

"Captain U. S. Grant was a member of the class at the Military Academy at West Point which graduated in 1843. He always maintained a high standing, and graduated with great credit, especially in mathematics and engineering. From my personal knowledge of his capacity and acquirement, as well as of his strict integrity and unremitting industry, I consider him in an eminent degree qualified for the office of County Engineer."

To this a hearty endorsement was added by D. M. Frost, afterwards the well-known Confederate general, who begins his endorsement by saying: "I was for three years in the corps of cadets at West Point with Captain Grant, and afterwards served with him for some eight or nine years in the army."

In addition to these testimonials, the names of nearly forty very well-known citizens were appended to the letter; so that Grant must have been at this time a man of fair standing and influence in the

city. He did not get the appointment, for two reasons: the rival applicant was well known in his capacity as an engineer; and Grant was a Democrat, while three of the five commissioners were Republicans.

A little later Grant secured a position in the custom house, but within a month the collector died, and Grant was again out of a place. It seemed as if there was nothing in the world for him to do. He again walked the streets in search of employment, but nothing offered. He had now been a year or more in St. Louis without earning anything considerable, and his small store of savings was gone. He had been forced to leave the house in Lynch Street where he had first established his family on bringing them into town, and take a humbler one in Barton Street, though the first seemed humble enough. He was obliged also to borrow money, and by the following spring his affairs were in a deplorable state.

The most vivid account of Grant's condition in these trying, hopeless days is given by Mr. George W. Fishback, a well-known citizen of St. Louis, and at that time editor of the "Missouri Democrat." Mr. Fishback had known Grant and his family previously in Ohio. He himself removed to St. Louis the same year in which Grant resigned from the army and rejoined his family at the Dent farm. "All of Captain Grant's associations and (apparent) sympathies at that time," says Mr. Fishback,* "were pro-slavery in character. He said he was a Democrat, and had voted for Buchanan for President, but his father-in-law was a slave-owner, and his wife and her whole family were intensely Southern. It is quite probable that in the midst of all his discouragements he came to a clear comprehension of the condition of things in all the border States, and held the fiery and sectional sentiments of the Southern people at their proper valuation. He no doubt foresaw the threatened civil war, and felt that as an old defender of the flag he had better take his chances among his own people of the Northern States. In the winter of 1859 and 1860 he resumed his calls at the office of the 'Democrat' and spoke freely of the folly and dangers of secession, but at the same time declared his opposition to the principles and tendencies of the Republican party.

"After his decision to remove to Galena I met him on Main Street one day, in the spring of 1860. He greeted me kindly, but seemed to be in a very distressed and disconsolate frame of mind. I had never before seen him so depressed. He was shabbily dressed, his beard was unshorn, his face anxious, the whole exterior of the man denoting a profound discouragement at the result of his experiment to maintain himself in St. Louis. He said: 'I know something of the leather business, and I think I can do better up in Galena with my brothers.' He then asked me if I would buy or hire one of his house servants. She was an excellent woman, he said, and had been in the family some time, but as she was a slave he could not take her North. 'I must leave,' he said; 'I can't make a go of it here.' I declined to buy the slave woman, and I did not see him again until he entered the State as colonel of an Illinois regiment."

It will thus be seen that life in St. Louis had become very difficult for Captain Grant. He had made a brave fight, but it was against too great odds. As the heat of political discussion waxed, it became more difficult to maintain friendly relations with his neighbors, for he was at heart a lover of liberty. He was in a false position, an intolerable position. He had in his household at this time two servants given to his wife by Colonel Dent, and what to do with them became a problem. He at last turned them over to John F. Long in security for a small indebtedness, and the slaves finally fell back into the possession of Colonel Dent. It was a time of being despised of men and of lesser men. His father-in-law was a grievance with his invectives against the "Yankees." Even his friends Mr. and Mrs. Boggs shared in the growing bitterness of sectional hate, and his surroundings grew each day more intolerable. Undoubtedly, regard for the wishes of his wife had led him to remain near her parents longer than he otherwise might have done. Now he told her that he must leave St. Louis, and, with a brave resolution to share his fortunes to the end, Mrs. Grant consented.

Perhaps it was the quiet mother who softened the disappointed father's heart; at any rate, Jesse Grant "took hold of Ulysses's affairs" once more, and offered him a place in his leather store at Galena, Illinois, the Western branch of his business, which was then in charge of his two sons, Orville and Simpson.

* From a paper written by Mr. Fishback expressly for the use of McClure's Magazine. Mr. Fishback's testimony is of the highest value.

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—*Concluded.*

AFTER violent emotion most people and all boys demand food. They feasted the returned prodigal behind drawn curtains, cut off in their great happiness, while the trains roared in and out around them. Harvey ate, drank, and enlarged on his adventures all in one breath, and when he had a hand free his mother fondled it. His voice was thickened with living in the open, salt air; his palms were rough and hard; his wrists dotted with the marks of gurry-sores; and a fine full flavor of cod-fish hung round rubber boots and blue jersey.

The father, well used to judging men, looked at him keenly. He did not know what enduring harm the boy might have taken. Indeed, he caught himself thinking that he knew very little whatever of his son; but he distinctly remembered an unsatisfied, dough-faced youth who took delight in "calling down the old man" and reducing his mother to tears—such a person as adds to the gaiety of public rooms and hotel piazzas, where the ingenious young of the wealthy play with or revile the bell-boys. But this well set-up fisher youth did not wriggle, looked at him with eyes steady, clear, and unflinching, and spoke in a tone distinctly, even startlingly, respectful. There was that in his voice which seemed to promise that the change might be permanent, and that the new Harvey had come to stay.

"Some one's been coercing him," thought Cheyne. "Now Constance would never have allowed that. Don't see as Europe could have done it any better."

"But why didn't you tell this man, Troop, who you were?" the mother repeated, when Harvey had expanded his story at least twice.

"Disko Troop, dear. The best man that ever walked a deck. I don't care who the next is."

"Why didn't you tell him to put you ashore? You know father would have made it up to him ten times over."

"I know it; but he thought I was crazy. I'm afraid I called him a thief because I couldn't find the bills in my pocket."

"A quartermaster found them by the flagstaff that—that night," sobbed Mrs. Cheyne.

"That explains it, then. I don't blame Troop any. I just said I wouldn't work—on a Banker, too—and of course he hit me on the nose, and oh! I bled like a stuck hog."

"My poor darling! They must have abused you horribly."

"Dunno quite. Well, after that, I saw a light."

Cheyne slapped his leg and chuckled. This was going to be a boy after his own hungry heart. He had never seen precisely that twinkle in Harvey's eye before.

"And the old man gave me ten and a half a month; he's paid me half now; and I took hold with Dan and pitched right in. I can't do a man's work yet. But I can handle a dory 'most as well as Dan, and I don't get rattled in a fog, much; and I can take my trick in light winds—that's steering, dear—and I can 'most bait up a trawl, and I know my ropes, of course; and I can pitch fish till the cows come home, and I'm great on old Josephus, and I'll show you how I can clear coffee with a piece of fish-skin, and—I think I'll have another cup, please. Say, you've no notion what a heap of work there is in ten and a half a month!"

"I began with eight and a half, my son," said Cheyne.

"That so? You never told me, sir."

"You never asked, Harve. I'll tell you about it some day, if you care to listen. Try a stuffed olive."

"Troop says *the* most interesting thing in the world is to find out how the next man gets his vittles. It's great to have a trimmed-

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MRS. CHEYNE INTRODUCES THE CREW OF THE "WE'RE HERE" TO THE "CONSTANCE."

up meal again. We were well fed, though. Best mug on the Banks. Disko fed us first-class. He's a great man. And Dan—that's his son—Dan's *my* partner. And there's Uncle Salters and his manures, an' he reads Josephus. He's sure I'm crazy yet. And there's poor little Penn, and he *is* crazy. You mustn't talk to him about Johnstown, because— And, oh, you *must* know Tom Platt and Long Jack and Manuel. Manuel saved my life. I'm sorry he's a Portugee. He can't talk much, but he's an everlasting musician. He found me struck adrift and drifting, and hauled me in."

"I wonder your nervous system isn't completely wrecked," said Mrs. Cheyne.

"What for, mamma? I worked like a horse and I ate like a hog and I slept like a dead man."

That was too much for Mrs. Cheyne, who began to think of her visions of a corpse rocking on the salty seas. She went to her stateroom, and Harvey curled up beside his father, explaining his indebtedness.

"You can depend upon me to do everything I can for the crowd, Harve. They seem to be good men on your showing."

"Best in the fleet, sir. Ask at Gloucester," said Harvey. "But Disko believes still he's cured me of being crazy. Dan's the only one I've let on to about you, and our private cars and all the rest of it, and I'm not *quite* sure Dan believes. I want to paralyze 'em to-morrow. Say, can't they run the 'Constance' over to Gloucester? Mama don't look fit to be moved, anyway, and we're bound to finish cleaning out by to-morrow. Wouverman takes our fish. You see we're first off the Banks this season, and it's four twenty-five a quintal. We held out till he paid it. They want it quick."

"You mean you'll have to work to-morrow, then?"

"I told Troop I would. I'm on the scales. I've got the tallies with me." He looked at the greasy notebook with an air of importance that made his father choke. "There isn't but three—no—two ninety-four or five quintal more by my reckoning."

"Hire a substitute," suggested Cheyne, to see what Harvey would say.

"Can't, sir. I'm tally-man for the schooner. Troop says I've a better head for figures than Dan. Troop's a mighty just man."

"Well, suppose I don't move the 'Constance' to-night, how'll you fix it?"

Harvey looked at the clock, which marked twenty past eleven.

"Then I'll sleep here till three and catch the four o'clock freight. They let us men from the Fleet ride free as a rule."

"That's a notion. But I think we can get the 'Constance' around about as soon as your men's freight. Better go to bed now."

Harvey spread himself on the sofa, kicked off his boots, and was asleep before his father could shade the electrics. Cheyne sat watching the young face under the

shadow of the arm thrown over the forehead, and among many things that occurred to him was the notion that he might perhaps have been neglectful as a father.

"One never knows when one's taking one's biggest risks," he said. "It might have been worse than drowning; but I don't think it has—I don't think it has. If it hasn't, I haven't enough to pay Troop, that's all; and I don't think it has."

When morning brought the fresh sea breeze through the windows, the "Constance" was side-tracked among freight cars at Gloucester, and Harvey had gone to his business.

"Then he'll fall overboard again and be drowned," the mother said, bitterly.

"We'll go and look, ready to throw him a rope in case. You've never seen him working for his bread," said the father.

"What nonsense! As if any one expected—"

"Well, the man that hired him did. I think he's about right, too."

They went down between the stores full of fishermen's oilskins to Wouverman's wharf, where the "We're Here" rode high, her Bank flag still flying, all hands busy as beavers in the glorious morning light. Disko stood by the main hatch superintending Manuel, Penn, and Uncle Salters at the tackle. Dan was swinging the loaded baskets inboard as Long Jack and Tom Platt filled them, and Harvey, with a notebook, represented the skipper's interests before the clerk of the scales on the salt-sprinkled wharf edge.

"Ready!" cried the voices below. "Haul!" cried Disko. "Hi!" said Manuel. "Here!" said Dan, swinging the basket. Then they heard Harvey's voice, clear and fresh, checking the weights.

The last of the fish had been whipped out, and Harvey leaped from the wharf edge six feet to a ratline, as the shortest way to hand Disko the tally, shouting, "Two ninety-seven, and an empty hold!"

"What's total, Harve?" said Disko.

"Eight sixty-five. Three thousand six hundred and seventy-six dollars and a quarter. Wish I'd share as well as wage."

"Well, I won't go so far as to say you hevn't deserved it, Harve. Don't you want to slip up to Wouverman's office and take him our tallies?"

"Who's that boy?" said Cheyne to Dan, well used to all manner of questions from those idle imbeciles called summer boarders.

"Well, he's a kind of super-cargo," was the answer. "We picked him up struck adrift on the Banks. Fell overboard from a liner, he sez. He wuz a passenger. He's by way o' bein' a fisherman now."

HIS FATHER TURNED WHERE HE SAT AND THRUST OUT A LONG HAND, "*YOU* KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT I CAN'T MAKE ANYTHING OF YOU IF YOU DON'T ACT STRAIGHT BY ME."

"Is he worth his keep?"

"Ye-ep, an' a little over. Dad, this man wants to know ef Harvey Cheyne's worth his keep. Say, would you like to go aboard? We'll fix a ladder for her."

"I should very much, indeed. 'Twon't hurt you, mother, and you'll be able to see for yourself."

The woman who could not lift her head a week ago scrambled down the ladder, and stood aghast amid the mess and tangle aft.

"Be you anyways interested in Harve?" said Disko.

"Well, ye-es."

"He's a good boy, an' ketches right hold jest as he's bid. You've heard haow we found him? He was suffering from nervous prostration, I guess, or else his head had hit somethin', when we hauled him aboard. He's all over that naow. Yes, this is the cabin. 'Tain't anyways in order, but you're quite welcome to look around. Those are his figures on the stove-pipe, where we keep the reckonin' mostly. He's a head to him."

"Did he sleep here?" said Mrs. Cheyne, sitting on a yellow locker and surveying the disorderly bunks.

"No. He berthed forward, madam, an' only fer him an' my boy hookin' fried pies an' muggin' up when they ought to ha' been asleep, I dunno as I've any special fault to find with him."

"There weren't nothin' wrong with Harve," said Uncle Salters, descending the steps. "He hung my boots on the main truck, an' he hain't over an' above respectful to such as knows more'n he do, 'specially about farmin', but he was mostly misled by Dan."

Dan in the meantime, profiting by dark hints from Harvey early that morning, was executing a war-dance on deck. "Tom, Tom," he whispered down the hatch, "his folks has come, an' Dad hain't caught on yet, an' they're pow-wowin' in the cabin. She's a daisy, an' he's all Harve claimed he was by the looks of him."

"Howly smoke!" said Long Jack, climbing out covered with salt and fish-skin. "D'ye belave his tale av the kid an' the little four-horse rig was thrue?"

"I knew it all along," said Dan. "Come an' see Dad mistook in his judgments."

They came delightedly, just in time to hear Cheyne say: "I'm glad he has a good character, because—he's my son."

Disko's jaw fell—Long Jack always vowed that he heard the click of it—and he stared alternately at the man and the woman.

"I got his telegram in San Diego four days ago, and we came over."

"In a private car?" said Dan. "He said ye might."

"In a private car, of course."

Dan looked at his father with a hurricane of irreverent winks.

"There was a tale he tould us av drivin' four little ponies in a rig av his own," said Long Jack. "Was that thrue now?"

"Very likely," said Cheyne. "Was it, mother?"

"He had a little drag when we were in Toledo, I think," said the mother.

Long Jack whistled. "Oh, Disko!" said he, and that was all.

"I wuz—I am mistook in my jedgments—worse'n the men o' Marblehead," said Disko, as though the words were being windlassed out of him. "I don't mind admittin' to you, Mister Cheyne, as I mistrusted the boy to be crazy. He talked kinder odd about money."

"So he told me."

"Did he tell ye anything else? 'Cause I pounded him once." This with a somewhat anxious glance at Mrs. Cheyne.

"Oh, yes," said Cheyne. "I should say it probably did him more good than anything else in the world."

"I jedged 'twuz necessary er I wouldn't ha' done it. I don't want you to think we abuse our boys any on this packet."

"I don't think you do, Mr. Troop."

Mrs. Cheyne had been looking at the faces—Disko's ivory-yellow, hairless, iron countenance; Uncle Salters's, with its rim of agricultural hair; Penn's bewildered simplicity; Manuel's quiet smile; Long Jack's grin of delight, and Tom Platt's scar. Rough, by her standards, they certainly were; but she had a mother's wits in her eyes, and she rose with outstretched hands. "Oh, tell me, which is who?" said she, half sobbing. "I want to thank you and bless you—all of you."

"Faith, that pays me a hunder time," said Long Jack.

Disko introduced them all in due form. The captain of an old-time Chinaman could have done no better, and Mrs. Cheyne babbled incoherently. She nearly threw herself into Manuel's arms when she understood that he had first found Harvey.

"But how *shall* I leave him dreeft?" said poor Manuel. "What do you yourself if you find him so? Eh, wha-at? We are in one good boy, and I am *ever* so pleased he come to be your son."

"And he told me Dan was his partner!" she cried. Dan was already sufficiently

pink, but he turned a rich crimson when Mrs. Cheyne kissed him on both cheeks before the assembly. Then they led her forward to show her the foc'sle, at which she wept again, and must needs go down to see Harvey's identical bunk, and there she found the cook cleaning up the stove, and he nodded as though she were some one he had expected to meet for years. They tried, two at a time, to explain the daily life to her, and she sat by the pawl-post, her ringed hands on the greasy table, laughing with trembling lips and crying with dancing eyes.

"And who's ever to use the 'We're Here' after this?" said Long Jack to Tom Platt. "I feel it as if she'd made a cathedral av us all."

"Cathedral!" sneered Tom Platt. "Oh, ef it had bin even the Fish Commission boat instid o' this dirt. Ef we only had some decency an' order an' side-boys as she goes over. She'll have to climb that ladder like a hen, an' we—we ought to be mannin' the yards."

"Then Harvey was *not* mad," said Penn slowly to Cheyne.

"No, indeed—thank God," the big millionaire replied, stooping down tenderly.

"It must be terrible to be mad. Except to lose your child, I do not know anything more terrible. But your child has come back. Let us thank God for that."

"Hello!" said Harvey, looking down upon them from the wharf.

"I wuz mistook, Harve. I was mistook," said Disko, swiftly, holding up a hand. "I wuz mistook in my jedgments. Ye needn't rub it in any more."

"Guess I'll take care o' that," said Dan, under his breath.

"You'll be goin' off naow, won't ye?"

"Well, not without the balance of my wages, 'less you want to have the 'We're Here' attached."

"Thet's so; I'd clean forgot;" and he counted out the remaining dollars. "You done all you contracted to do, Harve; and ye done it baout's well as ef you'd been brought up—" Here Disko brought himself up. He did not quite see where the sentence was going to end.

"Outside of a private car," said Dan, wickedly.

"Come on, and I'll show her to you," said Harvey.

Cheyne stayed to talk to Disko, but the others made a procession to the depot, with Mrs. Cheyne at the head. The French maid shrieked at the invasion; and Harvey laid the glories of the "Constance" before them without a word. They took them in in equal silence—stamped leather, silver door-handles and rails, cut velvet, plate glass, nickel, bronze, hammered iron, and the rare woods of the continent inlaid.

"I told you," said Harvey; "I told you." This was his crowning revenge, and a most ample one.

Mrs. Cheyne decreed a meal; and that nothing might be lacking to the tale Long Jack told afterwards in his boarding-house, she waited on them herself. Men who are accustomed to eat at tiny tables in howling gales have curiously neat and finished table-manners; but Mrs. Cheyne, who did not know, was surprised. She longed to have Manuel for a butler; so silently and easily did he comport himself among the frail glassware and dainty silver. Tom Platt remembered great days on the "Ohio" and the manners of foreign potentates who dined with the officers; and Long Jack, being Irish, supplied the small talk till all were at their ease.

In the "We're Here's" cabin the two fathers took stock of each other behind their cigars. Cheyne knew well enough when he dealt with a man to whom he could not offer money; equally well he knew that no money could pay for what Disko had done. He kept his own counsel and waited for an opening.

"I hevn't done anything *to* your boy or *fer* your boy excep' make him work a piece an' learn him how to handle the hog-yoke," said Disko. "He has twice my boy's head for figgers."

"By the way," Cheyne answered casually, "what d'you calculate to make of your boy?"

Disko removed his cigar and waved it comprehensively round the cabin. "Dan's jest plain boy, an' he don't allow me to do any of his thinkin'. He'll hev this able little packet when I'm laid by. He ain't noways anxious to quit the business. I know that."

"Mmm! Ever been West, Mr. Troop?"

"Bin's fer ez Noo York once in a boat. I've no use for railroads. No more hez Dan. Salt water's good enough fer the Troops. I've bin most everywhere—in the nat'ral way, o' course."

"I can give him all the salt water he's likely to need—till he's a skipper."

"Haow's that? I thought you wuz a kinder railroad king. Harve told me so when—I was mistook in my jedgments."

"We're all apt to be mistaken. I fancied perhaps you might know I own a line of tea-clippers—San Francisco to Yoko-

hama—six of 'em—iron-built, about seventeen hundred and eighty tons apiece."

"Blame that boy! He never told. I'd ha' listened to *that*, instid o' his truck abaout railroads an' pony-carriages."

"He didn't know."

"Little thing like that slipped his mind, I guess."

"No, I only captured—took hold of the 'Black Ox' freighters this summer."

Disko collapsed where he sat, beside the stove.

"Great Cæsar Almighty! I mistrust I've bin fooled from one end to the other. Why, Phil Airheart, he went from this very town six year back—no, seven—an' he's mate on the 'San José' now—twenty-six days was her time from San Francisco. His sister, she's livin' here yet, an' she reads his letters to my woman. An' *you* own the 'Black Ox' freighters?"

Cheyne nodded.

"If I'd known that I'd ha' jerked the 'We're Here' back to port all standin', on the word."

"Perhaps that wouldn't have been so good for Harvey."

"Ef I'd only known! Ef he'd only *said* about the cussed Line, I'd ha' understood! I'll never stand on my own jedgments again—never. They're well-found packets. Phil Airheart, he says so."

"I'm glad to have a recommend from that quarter. Airheart's skipper of the 'San José' now. What I was getting at is to know whether you'd lend me Dan for a year or two, and we'll see if we can't make a mate of him. Would you trust him to Airheart?"

"It's a resk taking a raw boy—"

"I know a man who did more for me."

"That's diff'runt. Look at here naow, I ain't recommendin' Dan special because he's my own flesh an' blood. *I* know Bank ways ain't clipper ways, but he hain't much to learn. Steer he can—no boy better, ef *I* say it—an' the rest's in our blood an' get; but I could wish he warn't so cussed weak on navigation."

"Airheart will attend to that. He'll ship as a boy for a voyage or two, and then we can put him in the way of doing better. Suppose you take him in hand this winter, and I'll send for him early in the spring. I know the Pacific's a long ways off—"

"Pshaw! We Troops, livin' an' dead, are all around the earth an' the seas thereof."

"But I want you to understand—and I mean this—any time you think you'd like to see him, tell me, and I'll attend to the transportation. 'Twon't cost you a cent."

"Ef you'll walk a piece with me, we'll go to my house an' talk this to my woman. I've bin so crazy mistook in all my jedgments, it don't seem to me this was like to be real."

They went over to Troop's eighteen hundred dollar, blue-trimmed white house, with a retired dory full of nasturtiums in the front yard and a shuttered parlor which was a museum of oversea plunder. There sat a large woman, silent and grave, with the dim eyes of those who look long to sea for the return of their beloved. Cheyne addressed himself to her, and she gave consent wearily.

"We lose one hundred a year from Gloucester only, Mr. Cheyne," she said, "one hundred boys an' men; an' I've come so's to hate the sea as if 'twuz alive an' listenin'. God never made it fer humans to anchor on. These packets o' yours, they go straight out, I take it, and straight home again."

"As straight as the winds let 'em, and I give a bonus for record passages. Tea doesn't improve by being at sea."

"When he wuz little he used to play at keepin' store, an' I had hopes he might follow that up. But soon's he could paddle a dory, I knew that were goin' to be denied me."

"They're square-riggers, mother; iron built an' well found. Remember what Phil's sister reads you when she gits his letters."

"I've never known as Phil told lies, but he's too venturesome (like most of 'em that use the sea). Ef Dan sees fit, Mr. Cheyne, he can go fer all o' me."

"She jest despises the ocean," Disko explained, "an I—I dunno haow to act polite, I guess, er I'd thank you better."

"My father—my own eldest brother—two nephews—an' my second sister's man," she said, dropping her head on her hand. "Would *you* care fer any one that took all those?"

Cheyne was relieved when Dan turned up and accepted with more delight than he was able to put into words. Indeed, the offer meant a plain and sure road to all desirable things; but Dan thought most of commanding watch on deck and looking into far-away harbors.

Mrs. Cheyne had spoken privately to the unaccountable Manuel in the matter of Harvey's rescue. He seemed to have no desire for money. Pressed hard, he said that he would take five dollars, because he wanted to buy something for a girl. Other-

wise—"How shall I take money when I make so easy my eats and smokes? You *will* giva some if I like or no? Eh, wha-at? Then you shall giva me money, but not that way. You shall giva all you can think." He introduced her to a snuffy Portuguese priest, with a list of semi-destitute widows as long as his cassock. As a strict Unitarian, Mrs. Cheyne could not sympathize with the creed, but she ended by respecting the brown, voluble little man.

Manuel, faithful son of the church, appropriated all the blessings showered on her for her charity. "That letta me out," said he. "I have now ver' good absolutions for six months," and he strolled forth to get a handkerchief for the girl of the hour and to break the hearts of all the others.

Salters went away with Penn, and left no address behind. He had a dread that these millionary people, with wasteful private cars, might take undue interest in his companion. It was better to visit inland relatives till the coast was clear. "Never you be adopted by rich folk, Penn," he said in the cars, "or I'll take 'n' break this checker-board over your head. Ef ever you forgit your name agin—which is Pratt—you remember you belong with Salters Troop, an' set down right where you are till I come fer you. Don't go taggin' around after them whose eyes bung out with fatness, accordin' to Scripcher."

CHAPTER X.

But it was otherwise with the "We're Here's" silent cook, for he came up, his kit in a handkerchief, and boarded the "Constance." Pay was no particular object, and he did not in the least care where he slept. His business, as revealed to him in dreams, was to follow Harvey. They tried argument and, at last, persuasion; but there is a difference between one Cape Breton and two Alabama negroes, and the matter was referred to Cheyne by the cook and porter. The millionaire only laughed. He presumed Harvey might need a body-servant some day or other, and was sure one volunteer was worth five hirelings. Let the man stay, therefore; even though he called himself MacDonald and swore in Gaelic. The car could go back to Boston, where, if he were still of the same mind, they would take him West.

With the "Constance," which in his heart of hearts he loathed, departed the last remnant of Cheyne's millionairedom, and he gave himself up to an energetic idleness. This Gloucester was a new town in a new land, and he purposed to "take it in," as of old he had taken in all the cities from Snohomish to San Diego of that world whence he hailed. They made money along the crooked street which was half wharf and half ship's store: as a leading professional he wished to learn how the noble game was played. Men said that four out of every five fish-balls served at New England's Sunday breakfast came from Gloucester, and overwhelmed him with figures in proof—statistics of boats, gear, wharf-frontage, capital invested, salting, packing, factories, insurance, wages, repairs, and profits. He talked with the owners of the large fleets whose skippers were little more than hired men, and whose crews were almost all Swedes or Portuguese. Then he conferred with Disko, one of the few who owned their craft, and compared notes in his vast head. He coiled himself away on chain-cables in marine junk-shops, asking questions with cheerful, unslaked Western curiosity, till all the water-front wanted to know "what in thunder that man was after, anyhow." He took a chair at the Mutual Insurance rooms, and demanded explanations of the mysterious remarks chalked up on the blackboard day by day; and that brought down upon him secretaries of every Fisherman's Widow and Orphan Aid Society within the city limits. They begged shamelessly, each man anxious to beat the other institution's record, and Cheyne tugged at his beard and handed them all over to Mrs. Cheyne.

She was resting in a boarding-house near Eastern Point—a strange establishment, managed, apparently, by the boarders themselves, where the tablecloths were red and white checkered, and the population, who seemed to have known one another intimately for years, rose up at midnight to make Welsh rarebits if it felt hungry. On the second morning of her stay Mrs. Cheyne put away her big diamond earrings before she came down to breakfast.

"They're most delightful people," she confided to her husband; "so friendly and simple, too, though they are all Boston, nearly."

"That isn't simpleness, mother," he said, looking across the boulders behind the apple trees where the hammocks were slung. "It's the other thing, that we—that I haven't got."

"There can't be," said Mrs. Cheyne, quietly. "Why we—"

"I know it, dear. We have—of course,

we have. I guess it's only the style they wear East. Are you having a good time?"

"I don't see very much of Harvey; he's always with you; but I ain't near as nervous as I was."

"*I* haven't had such a good time since Willie died. I never rightly understood that I had a son before this. Harve's got to be a great boy. Anything I can fetch you, dear? Cushion under your head? Well, we'll go down to the wharf again and look around."

Harvey was his father's shadow in those days, and the two strolled along side by side, Cheyne using the grades as an excuse for laying his hand on the boy's square shoulder. It was then that Harvey noticed and admired what had never struck him before—his father's curious power of getting at the heart of new matters as learned from men in the street.

"How d'you make 'em tell you everything without opening your head?" demanded the son, as they came out of a rigger's loft.

"I've dealt with quite a few men in my time, Harve, and one sizes 'em up somehow, I guess. I know something about myself, too." Then, after a pause, as they sat down on a wharf-edge: "Men can most always tell when a man has handled things for himself, and then they treat him as one of themselves."

"Same as they treat me down at Wouverman's wharf. I'm one of the crowd now. Disko has told every one I've earned my pay." Harvey spread out his hands and rubbed the palms together. "They're all soft again," he said, dolefully.

"Keep 'em that way for the next few years, while you're getting your education. You can harden 'em up after."

"Ye-es, I suppose so," was the reply, in no delighted voice.

"It rests with you, Harve. You can take cover behind your mama, of course, and put her on to fussing about your nerves and your high-strungness and all that kind of poppycock."

"Have I ever done that?" said Harvey, uneasily.

His father turned where he sat and thrust out a long hand. "*You* know as well as I do that I can't make anything of you if you don't act straight by me. I can handle you alone if you'll stay alone, but I don't pretend to manage both you and your mama. Life's too short, anyway."

"Don't make me out much of a fellow, does it?"

"I guess it's been my fault a good deal; but if you want the truth, you haven't been much of anything up to date. Now, have you?"

"Umm! Disko thinks. . . . Say, what d'you reckon it's cost you to raise me from the start—first and last and all over?"

Cheyne smiled. "I've never kept track, but I should estimate, in dollars and cents, nearer fifty than forty thousand. The young generation comes high. It has to have things, and it tires of 'em, and—the old man foots the bill."

Harvey whistled, but at heart he was rather pleased to think that his upbringing had cost so much. "And all that's sunk capital, isn't it?"

"Invested, Harve. Invested, I hope."

"Making it only thirty thousand, the thirty I've earned is about ten cents on the hundred. That's a mighty poor catch." Harvey wagged his head solemnly.

Cheyne laughed till he nearly fell off the pile into the water.

"Disko has got a heap more than that out of Dan, since he was ten; and Dan's at school half the year, too."

"Oh, that's what you're after, is it?"

"No. I'm not after anything. I'm not stuck on myself any just now — that's all. . . . I ought to be kicked."

"I can't do it, old man; or I would, I presume, if I'd been made that way."

"Then I'd have remembered it to the last day I lived—and *never* forgiven you," said Harvey, his chin on his doubled fists.

"Exactly. That's about what *I'd* do. You see?"

"I see. The fault's with me and no one else. All the samey, something's got to be done about it."

Cheyne drew a cigar from his vest-pocket, bit off the end, and fell to smoking. Father and son were very much alike; for the beard hid Cheyne's mouth, and Harvey had his father's slightly aquiline nose, close-set black eyes, and narrow, high cheek-bones. With a touch of brown paint he would have made up very picturesquely as a Red Indian in the story-books.

"Now you can go on from here," said Cheyne, slowly, "costing me between six and eight thousand a year till you're a voter. Well, we'll call you a man then. You can go right on from *that*, living on me to the tune of forty or fifty thousand, besides what your mother will give you, with a valet and a yacht or a fancy ranch where you can pretend to raise trotting-stock and play cards with your own crowd."

"Like Lorry Tuck?" Harvey put in.

"Yep; or the two De Vitré boys or old man McQuade's son. California's full of 'em, and here's an Eastern sample while we're talking."

A shiny black steam yacht, with mahogany deck-house, nickel-plated binnacles, and pink-and-white striped awnings, puffed up the harbor, flying the burgee of some New York club. Two young men in what they conceived to be sea costumes were playing cards by the saloon skylight; and a couple of women with red and blue parasols looked on and laughed noisily.

"Shouldn't care to be caught out in her in any sort of a breeze. No beam," said Harvey, critically, as the yacht slowed to pick up her mooring-buoy.

"They're having what stands them for a good time. I can give you that and twice as much as that, Harve. How'd you like it?"

"Cæsar! That's no way to get a dinghy overside," said Harvey, still intent on the yacht. "If I couldn't slip a tackle better than that I'd stay ashore. . . . What if I don't?"

"Stay ashore—or what?"

"Yacht and ranch and live on 'the old man'; and get behind mama when there is trouble?" said Harvey, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Why, in that case, you come right in with me, my son."

"Ten dollars a month?" Another twinkle.

"Not a cent more until you're worth it, and you won't begin to touch that for a few years."

"I'd sooner begin sweeping out the office—isn't that how the big bugs start?—and touch something now than—"

"I know it; we all feel that way. But I guess we can hire any sweeping we need. I made the same mistake myself of starting in too soon."

"Thirty million dollars' worth o' mistake, wasn't it? I'd risk it for that."

"I lost some; and I gained some. I'll tell you."

(To be concluded next month.)

THE SPELLBINDER.

By Octave Thanet,

Author of "Stories of a Western Town," "The Ladder of Grief," etc.

THE frozen Nebraska soil rattled under the horses' hoofs; the wagon wheels rattled on their own account. A December wind was keen enough to make the driver wrap his patched quilt closer and pull his battered straw hat lower over his ears. He was a man of thirty, with high, tanned features, and eyes that would have been handsome but for their sullen frown.

"I should call it getting a good ready for a blizzard," observed the other man on the board (seat the wagon had none); "maybe he won't come."

"He'll come fast enough," returned the driver; "you don't catch buzzards staying in for weather!"

"I don't know. He's a pretty luxurious young scoundrel. Bixby says he had a letter from him—very particular about a fire in his room, and plenty of hot water and towels. Bixby is worried lest the boys make a fuss with him in his hotel."

"Bixby is a coward from Wayback," was the driver's single comment or reply. The other man eyed the dark profile at his shoulder, out of the tail of his eye, rubbing his hands up and down his wrists under his frayed sleeves. He was a young man, shorter of stature than the driver. He had a round, genial, tanned face, and a bad cold on him. His hands were bare because he had lent his mittens to the driver; but he wore a warm if shabby greatcoat and worn fur cap.

"I don't suppose," he went on in a careless tone, "that you fellows mean to do more than scare the lad well."

"We scared the last man. Doc Russell got him fairly paralyzed; told him 'bout the Shylock that turned out the Kinneys, and Miss Kinney's dying in the wagon, she was so weak; and Kin—somebody ('course he didn't mention names) shooting that man; and their arresting Kinney, and the jury acquitting him without leaving the box. Oh, he told a lot of stories. Some of 'em, I guess, he made up out of his own head; but that Iowa lawyer swallered the whole batch, hide and hoofs and all. And he couldn't git out of town

quick enough! But what's the good? Here's this young dude come again. Say, did you know it's his pa that owns most of the stock in the trust?"

"No?"

"Yes, sir. He's got the upper hand of 'em all. They've bought up every last bit of foreclosed land 'round here. Yes, we was so mighty smart, we fixed it that nobody 'd dare to buy; and nobody round here *would* dare, even s'posing they got the money, which they ain't—"

"There certainly ain't much loose money round here, Wesley. At least, when I ran the paper I didn't find it; I was glad to rent an abandoned farm and trade my subscription list for enough corn to pay the first instalment on some stock and a cultivator."

"Did you pay any more?"

"No; times got worse instead of better. I'd have lost the stock and the cultivator and every blamed thing in the way of implement I've got if it hadn't been for you fellows running the implement man out of the country; he'd a chattel mortgage that was a terror. But what were you saying about the land? Nobody would buy?"

"Of course nobody would buy, and we hugged ourselves we was so durned slick. Oh, my! Now, here comes along one of them bloody trusts that's eating this country up, and goes to the land company and buys the foreclosed land for a song. It goes all the cheaper because it's known far and wide that we elected the sheriff not to enforce writs, but to resist 'em; and same with all the officers; and we're ready to shoot down any man that tries to push us off the earth. That scared folks, and the investment company sold cheap as dirt. They knew they couldn't git anybody to take up a farm 'round here. Look a' there!" He jerked the point of the switch that served for whip in the direction of a dark bulk looming against the glowing belt of red in the west. The outlines of a ruined chimney toppled over the misshapen roof. The door and window openings gaped forlornly; doors and windows were gone long since, wrenched off for other needs. Bit by bit the house had been nibbled at—here a porch platform taken, there a patch of weatherboarding, shingles pulled from the roof, the corn crib a wreck, the outbuildings carried away piecemeal—until, a sadder ruin than fire leaves, it faced the sunset and the prairie.

"That farm belonged to as hard-working, smart a feller as ever handled a plow. Look at them fields, gone to desolation like everything else, but the furrows used to be as straight's a line with a ruler. He fought the hard times and the drought till his wife died, and then he said to me, 'I'm beat; I'm going to take the baby back to Winnie's folks. If I'd only gone last year I could have took Winnie, too. The company kin have my farm, and I hope to God it'll be the curse to them it's been to me!' There the farm is. And look further down"—shifting the switch to another direction—"there's another dropping to pieces. Lord, when I think of the stories they told me about the crops when I fust came and I put in four hunderd dollars that I'd worked hard for in a saw-mill, and I think how we used to set round the fire evenings, my wife and I, talking about how the town was a-growing and what it would be when the trees was growed and our children was going to school, and how we'd have a cabinet organ and we'd have a top buggy, and we'd send for her mother, who didn't jest like it with Bill's wife—we was jest like children, making believe! But that ain't what I was driving at. Here it is. We calculated that we'd be let alone, because the poor, miserable remnants of stock and machines and farms we got simply wasn't worth outside folks' taking, and inside folks wouldn't risk their lives by dispossessing us. That's how we sized it up, ain't it?"

"I don't see yet what you're after, Wesley."

"You will. We reasoned that way. But along comes this company, this—trust, that's clean against the laws and don't give a curse for that, and it buys up the whole outfit. I tell you, Mr. Robbins, there ain't five men in this community that that trust ain't got the legal right to turn out on the prairies to-morrow. They've all been foreclosed, and the year of grace is up. Most of us here ain't got no show at all—legally. And so they send a man down here to see about gitting out writs and finishing us up."

"But who'll they get to buy, Wesley Orr?"

"They're not needing much buying. They're on to a new scheme—going to turn all these farms into big pastures and fatten cattle with alfalfa, raise it and ship it; then the lower part of the county, down below town, they intend to run a ditch through from the river and irrigate it. They will fetch in a colony who'll pay them about ten times what they paid, I expect, and—"

"But we won't let them—"

"Depends on how many guns the colony's got and how much fight there's in it. They'll try it, anyhow, unless—"

"Unless—" repeated Robbins uneasily.

"Unless they are scared off, *unless they think it's death for a man to tackle us.*"

Robbins rubbed his hands harder; he bit his lip. A little space of silence fell between them. Off to the south, where the little town was set like an island in the darkening prairie, the lights began to twinkle; they were yellow and scattered. Even at that distance one could tell that they burned few to the house.

"I kinder wish," said Robbins, "that he came from another town."

"What's the difference about the town?"

"Oh, none, I guess. But that town, it's in Iowa, and it sent the best things we've ever had. One woman put in a lot of jams and jellies and tea—such tea! My wife was sick then, and I didn't know but I'd lose her. I gave her some of that tea and some jam, and she began to pick up from that day. It was a quince jam, and made her think of home, she said. Her father was a Connetticut man, and they had an orchard with quince trees in it—I remember—" He did not finish the sentence, but he sighed as he absently ran his eye over the gaps in the harness mended with rope.

"I bet *he* didn't have nothing to do with that box," said Orr; "most like, the people sent us that were poor folks themselves, and had to pinch to make up for the things they sent us. 'Tain't the rich people are sorriest for poor folks. This young Wallace—his father's the owner of a big paper and rich besides, and he's got this boy in training for editor; and when that first duck couldn't do nothing out here, the old man said he'd buy in, and the young one thought it a mighty smart thing to do to come over here and turn a lot of half-starved women and children out in winter. What's *he* care? What do any of these rich folks care?"

"I don't think you're fair, Wesley," said Robbins. "All the rich folks aren't mean. I know more about them than you." He spoke with a dawning of pride in his tone, which deepened a little.

"Yes, I know you used to belong to them," said Orr, "and I guess you were decent to the poor. But you'll admit you didn't have no notion how it cuts to work every muscle in you and to lay awake thinking yourself half crazy to puzzle out better ways to make money and yet to feel every year you're a-sinking deeper in the slough! I've worked five years here, and 'cepting the first year, every single year has piled interest on mortgage. Every year we've had less clothes to wear and poorer stuff to eat, and it's been mend instead of buy, and we've had more debts and more worries every year. I tell you, Mr. Robbins, I thought it would *kill* me, once, to come on the county. I'd 'a' said I'd starve first; but you can't see your wife and children starve. I went in last winter, and asked for relief. I'd that old hound dog of mine with me; you knowed him. He'd been a good dog. He come with us when we come here, running under the wagon. All the children had played with him. I took him into town, and I asked every one I knowed would he have that dog for a gift; I showed off all his tricks, feeling like I was dirty mean deceiving him, for I done it so somebody would be willing to take him home and feed him and take care of him, for it's God's truth I hadn't enough for him and the children too. But nobody wanted him; he was pretty old, and he wasn't never handsome. And one store I was in, as I went out I heard a bummer that was trying to sell goods say, 'I saw that feller at the Relief, but I notice he's able to keep a dog. Let's the children go hungry ruther'n the dog, I guess.' I kinder turned on him, then I turned back again, and I whistled to Sport, and I looked at him and saw how his ribs showed and his eyes was kinder sunk. He wagged his tail and yelped like he used to, seeing me look at him; and then I went straight to that drug-store Billy used to keep—Billy Harvey. He moved away last year; he was a good friend of mine. I said to him, 'Billy, you got something that would kill a dog in a flash, so he'd never suffer or know what hurt him?' And Billy—he understood, and he said he had. 'You jest put it on his tongue and he'd never know what killed him.' Billy was sorry for me. He gave it to me for nothing, and he gave me some bones and corn-bread and milk; so Sport had a good dinner. And he come right up to me and looked me in the eyes, wagging his tail. His eyes was kinder dim, but they was just as loving as ever. And he was wagging his tail when he dropped. Then I went home, and the children asked me where was Sport, and little Peggy cried—oh, Lord!"

"It was awful hard on you, Wesley," said Robbins, gently.

"I suppose it wasn't nothing to what

some men have suffered. There was poor Tommy Walker, give up his farm when it was foreclosed—thought he had to—and went off tramping to Kansas City, and after he'd tramped a week there, looking for a job, give it up and jumped into the river. And you know how old man Osgood killed himself, honest a old man as ever lived; always kept his machines under cover, too; *he* couldn't stand it. They found it harder—and lots more, too; but I've found it hard enough. And I know I'd shoot that sneaking, sneering young Shylock, and not mind it near so much as I minded killing poor Sport."

"I don't know but we'd all better quit," said the younger man, with a sigh. "This isn't a living country. Three years of drought would break any country up. It's not meant to live in. We had a fair crop this year, but it's so low; and freights, though they're lower, are pretty high. I don't see any way out of it. And I declare I think if we run this young fellow off we'll only get a bad name for the place."

"I don't care for bad names," said the other sullenly. "I got a wife and three children; I was foreclosed a year ago—so's you, so's a lot of the boys; we're at the end of our string now—legally. So what did we say? We said we didn't care, was it legal or illegal; that laws was made to skin the poor man; and we elected a sheriff we could depend on not to enforce the laws, and we druv off the bloodsuckers they sent out here. They say one feller was killed. I don't know. Guess that's one of Doc Russell's stories. The boys talk a lot about the cause of all this here trouble, and how we're going to have a revolution, and how refferendum and initiendum will help, and how free silver will help—I guess, myself, a little more rain three years ago when corn was up would have helped more'n anything—and they talk how they're fighting the battles of the poor man, and the Eastern bloodsuckers has ruined us, and the Shylocks are devouring us, and they holler the roof off. I listen to 'em, but I don't believe 'em any more than you do."

"But," interrupted the other man eagerly, "I voted with the people's party—"

"Of course you did. We was going to be unanimous, and you dass'n't stand out; but you didn't believe in it. Me neither. I ain't making any pretense, but I'll tell you it's jest here—I'm down to bedrock. If I let my farm be took away and my stock, what's going to become of my wife and children? You can call it stealing, or resisting the law, or anything you please, but I'll kill that feller before I'll let him turn me out."

"Don't you think we can scare him off? Killing's a nasty word."

"My father was with John Brown; he helped kill a man. He never lost no sleep about it; I sha'n't neither. Look here, Mr. Robbins, I got lots of time to think winters—lots. Remorse and all them fine feelings you read of, they don't belong to folks that are way down in the dirt. You got to have something to eat and to wear, and not have your stomach sassing you, and you half froze most of the time; when your body is in sech a fix it's keeping your mind so full there ain't any show for any other feelings. And look a' here, there's worse"—his voice sank. "Why, you git to that pass you ain't able to feel for your own wife and babies. When this morning Peggy kept hushing the baby, and she was fretting and moaning, and Peggy says to me, couldn't I git a little crackers in town; maybe the baby could eat them? I didn't feel nothing 'cept a numb aching. I kept saying, 'I'd 'a' felt that, once!' But I didn't feel it now. And, all of a sudden, it come to me 'twas because I was gitting *past* feeling—like you do when you're froze, jest before you die. I read a story once, when I was a little shaver, that kept me awake nights many a time. It was about a Russian nobleman out sleigh-riding with his children, three of 'em, on one of them steppies; and the wolves chased them. The father had a pistol, and he would shoot one of the wolves, and then the cowardly cusses would stop to tear the wounded critter to pieces and eat him, giving the folks in the sleigh a little more time; but every time the distance between the wolves and them when they stopped was a little smaller; but they were getting closer to the town, and they could see the lights. So the father, he kept on shooting, until the wolves were jumping up and grabbing at the sleigh, and the last time he shot a wolf he used up his last cartridge; then, when they come after him again and the lights were nearer, and he knew if he could stop 'em once more he could escape, he—he throwed out one of the children; because it was this way: if he jumped out himself the children were so little they couldn't drive, and they'd be tipped up, and all three of them lost, so he throwed out the child he loved the best, and they got to town safely; but he went raving crazy. Well, I thought of him,

and I said, if baby died there'd be the more chance for the others—"

"Look here, Wesley," his companion interrupted, "*quit it!* You're getting lightheaded. Get rid of such fool thoughts as those or you'll be going off to the insane asylum; and mighty little use your family will have of you *there!*"

Orr gave him no answer. Robbins watched his impassive face and frowned.

"He's not bad-hearted, but he's desperate. You can't appeal to a desperate man," he thought, "and the other boys are the same way. There'll be wild work there to-night, unless that young fool has the papers with him and will give them up. You're a fool, George Robbins, to mix yourself up in it on the chance of getting a few dollars from a Kansas City paper for a telegram!"

Silently the two men looked at the nearing lights, while the wagon creaked and swayed and rattled over the road.

"We got to save the lantern to go home by," Orr remarked at last, "else I'd light up; they ain't got any more lights on the streets. But I guess we can see."

There were enough lights in the windows to reveal the wide untidiness of the street, the black, boarded windows of the empty shops, the gaps in the sidewalk, the haggard gardens, where savage winds had blown the heart out of deserted rose-trees and geraniums. In general the sky-line was low and the roofs the simplest peaks; but it was broken in a few places by three and four storied brick buildings of the florid pomp on which a raw Western town loves to lavish its money. Now they loomed, dark and silent, landmarks of vanished ambition. Robbins, who was a man of parts and education, with a fanciful turn, felt the air of defeat and desolation hanging over the town choke him like miasma. To him the dreariness was the more poignant for the half a dozen little shops that still flickered their challenge to fate in the guise of a dim coal-oil lamp in the window. There appeared to be no customers at these dismal marts; in some cases not even the shopkeeper was visible, and only the stove in the rear of the room kept a lonesome red eye on the shelves. The sole sparks of life in the place were at the hotel. It had been built "during the boom"—a large rectangle of wood with a cheap and gaudy piazza, all painted four shades of green, which the climate had burned and blistered and bleached into one sickly, mottled brown. Long ago the stables of the hostelry had been abandoned, but this night the stable yard was full of wagons.

The upper story of the hotel was dark, and the greater part of the lower story; but the kitchen was bright, and yellow light leaked through every chink and crack of the office blinds.

"Boys have turned out well, I guess," said Robbins.

"They *better* turn out!" said Orr.

No word was spoken by either while they unhitched the horses, led them within the sheds, and tied them among the sorry company already housed. Robbins noted that after Orr had laid the blanket which had served them for robe on one thin back, he flung his own quilt over the other. Then they stumbled (for they were unwieldy with cold) through the yard to the hotel.

The office was full of men, gathered about the stove, talking to each other. The innkeeper sat behind his counter, affecting to busy himself with a blotted ledger. Originally he had been a stout man, but he had lost flesh of late years. He was wrinkled and flabby, and the furtive eyeshots that he cast towards the stove were anxious beyond his concealing. Any one, however, could perceive that matters of heavy import were discussed. The miserably clad men about the stove all looked sullen. There was none of the easy-going badinage so habitual with Westerners. They exchanged glances rather than words; what words were spoken were uttered in low tones.

"Where is he?" said Orr, in the same undertone, to a large man in a buffalo coat. The large man was the sheriff of the county. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the dining-room.

"What's he like?"

"Little feller with a game leg."

Orr frowned. Robbins felt uncomfortable. A gaunt man on the outskirts of the circle added: "He's powerful slick, though; you can bet your life. That girl Susy is all won over already; and she's suspecting something, sure's shooting. I guess she's warned him there's something in the air."

"Well, if there is, I don't know it," said the sheriff.

"You never *will* know anything about it, either," a gray-haired man added.

"That's right, Kinney," two or three spoke at once. But immediately a silence fell on them. Robbins, who felt himself an outsider, could see that the others drew closer together. Once or twice he caught sinister murmurs. He began to wish that he had not come.

"It would be no earthly use for me to chip in and try to soften them," he thought. "They're crazy with defeat and misery and the fool stuff campaign orators have crammed down their throats."

Just then the dining-room door opened, and Robbins was the only one of the group to turn his head. The other men gazed at the fire, and the heavy silence grew heavier.

The man who came out of the room was young, slight of figure, and he limped a little. Nevertheless, there was nothing of dejection in his bearing or his face. He was freckled to a degree, smooth-shaven, and his teeth were beautiful. He had fine eyes also, a deep blue, flashing like steel as they moved from one object to another. The eyes were keen, alert, and determined; but being set rather wide apart under his light brows, they gave the face a candid, almost artless, look, and when he smiled the deep dimple in his cheek made it as merry as a child's.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said he cheerfully.

No one responded. Robbins made a gurgle in his throat, which the newcomer accepted for salutation, promptly approaching the fire at Robbins's elbow.

"Cold weather," said he. Two or three of the company lifted their heads and eyed the speaker. Robbins wondered were they as keenly conscious as he of the young fellow's trimly fitted clothes, what good quality that rough plaided brown stuff was, how dainty was his linen. He looked at the home people's ragged coats, he thought of the poverty that he knew, and the reflection of their sneer was on his own lips, and, somehow, a lump in his throat.

"Too cold weather for folks to travel unless they're wanted bad!" said the gray-haired man on the edge of the company. There was a thrill of some strong feeling in his deep voice.

"It does seem that way," agreed the young man with undiminished vivacity. "I am glad to get to a shelter. By the way, I hear this is a dry town. Will some of you gentlemen have something with me?" He had pulled out a flask and was flashing his brilliant smile at Robbins.

"No, thank you, I don't drink," said Robbins; but he felt his throat itching at the sight.

"We'll drink your liker after we've finished our business with you," the gray man struck in. He was old Captain Sparks, who had been very bitter since his eldest son went crazy with overwork and sunstroke and killed himself. The other men laughed. They looked at each other; they looked with goading hate in their dull eyes at the stranger; and they laughed.

"Here, Johnny," said the young man, taking no notice, "run up to twenty-five and fetch me the bag there, the black one. If we are to drink to our business, I want you all to join. You are all interested, I take it. Get some glasses while you are about it."

The boy whom he addressed, the landlord's son, a lad of twelve, had been busy staring at the stranger ever since he entered the room. He ran away, but as he ran could not restrain himself from flinging one or two glances back over his shoulder.

"Don't you smoke, either?" said the stranger to Robbins, his hand at his breast pocket.

"Only a pipe," answered Robbins. He wished that he didn't feel an absurd, morbid sympathy for the poor fool's pluck sneaking into his consciousness.

"What are we waiting for?" The captain whispered it to a mild-eyed, short-bearded man next him; but the captain's whisper carried far. "Aw, give him rope!" suggested the mild-eyed man; "maybe he ain't so sandy's he seems."

Not seeming to recognize any chill in his reception, the young stranger approached the stove. No one moved to admit him to the inner circle; this, also, he did not seem to observe. "This whole country looks as if you had been having hard times," he continued. His voice had full, rich, magnetic notes, but its unfamiliar intonations jarred on his hearers; they knew them to belong to the East, and they hated the East. "It's pretty sad to ride through miles and miles of farming country and see the burned fence-posts that caught fire from the cinders, just lying where they fell, and the smoke not coming out of one farm-house chimney in six. It looks as if the farmers out this way had simply given up the fight."

"You've hit it," said the mild-eyed man; "they have. Some of them have moved away, and some of them have killed themselves, after they've lost their stock on chattel mortgages and lost their land to the improvement company. There ought to be lots of ghosts on those abandoned farms and in those houses where the fences are down. This country is full of ghosts. We ain't much better than ghosts ourselves."

"It was the three dry years, I suppose."

"That and the mortgage sharks and the Shylocks from the East," old Captain Sparks interrupted in a venomous tone; "what pickings the drought left they got."

"Pretty rough!" said the stranger, declining the combat again. "There's one man I want to meet here; his name is Russell—Dr. Russell."

The mild-eyed man explained that his name was Russell; the other men looked puzzled and suspicious. "What's his little game?" whispered the captain. "It won't go, whatever it is," said the man next him. Robbins heard question and answer distinctly; but the young fellow near him did not wince. "Are you the one that wrote to Fairport, Dr. Russell? I guess you must be."

"Yes, I wrote to Fairport," said Russell.

"Well, I hope you liked the barrel we sent and the boxes. They were going to send them to another place, but your letter decided us. That's my church, you know, which sent them. And, for that matter, it was your letter first turned my father's attention to investing in your part of the country. Oh, tell me, where did that tea go? My mother *would* send her best London mixture—"

"Was it your mother?" Robbins spoke. With a red face and a flash of his eyes at the sullen group about him, he withdrew his chair, making a clear passage to the stove. "I'd like to thank her, then, and her son for her; that tea and the quince jam—whose was the quince jam?"

"I rather think my mother put that in, too."

"Well, it almost cured my wife; it was better than medicine, that and the tea, for, not to mention that we couldn't get any medicine, it put heart into her as medicine couldn't. I wonder was it your mother, or who was it put in that volume of college songs? *I* got that. You wouldn't think it, but I'm a university man—Harvard—"

The young fellow caught his hand and gripped it hard. "Harvard? So am I—Martin Wallace, '92."

"My name is George Robbins, and I'm a good deal farther back; and, as you can see, I'm down on my luck. But there's no need going into my hard-luck story; it's like a lot of our stories here. You see where we are—hardly shoes to our feet; not because we have been shiftless or idle, or have wronged anybody; yet the cutthroats and thieves in the penitentiary have had better fare and suffered less with cold and hunger than we have. And it's not that we are fools, either; we're not uneducated. There are at least three other college men in our community; there's Doc Russell—"

"I *am*," drawled Russell; "much good it's done me; but I won honors at the University of Iowa."

"I didn't win any honors, but I went to the State University—was graduated there before I went to Harvard. But—you aren't Teddy Russell, Teddy Russell of the Glee Club and the football eleven?"

"Yes, I am Teddy Russell."

"E. D. Russell, of course; why didn't I guess? You were there two years before me, but I daresay they are talking of you still; and the way you won a touchdown with a broken rib on you, and the time all the rest of the Glee Club missed the train at Fairport, going to Lone Tree, and you went on with the banjoes and were the whole thing for three-quarters of an hour! Well, I'm glad to meet you, Doctor. Let us have a good song or two together after business."

Russell unconsciously felt for the cravat which was not round his soiled and frayed collar; he buttoned his wreck of a frock coat. "Yes, we will," he began, but his voice stuck in his throat as the captain's rough grasp gripped his arm.

"I guess not," said the captain; "business first, young feller!"

Russell shook off the hand, muttering something too low for Robbins's ear; but Robbins sidled nearer to him, so near that he was able to exchange a single glance and to see Russell's lips form the words, "Watch Orr!" They understood each other.

"Weren't you from Ann Arbor yourself, Captain?" said Robbins, grabbing at any straw of peace.

"I've been too poor ever since the war to remember whether I ever had a college education or not," retorted the captain with a sneer. "I belong to the people now; their cause is my cause. Where do *you* belong? We've tended your folks when you were sick, and helped you lay by your crops, and driven the mortgage sharks off your stuff. Say, what are you doing now? Are you monkeying round to turn traitor or coward, or what's the matter?"

"We're all right, Captain," answered Russell, the Western burr on his tongue as soft and leisurely as ever, and no hint of excitement in his manner; "but I see no

harm in letting Mr. Wallace answer our questions before we fly off the handle." So saying, before the captain realized his purpose he edged through the crowd to Wallace's side. Robbins followed him; and the eyes of all the others turned to the three, menacing and eager.

"All I ask is to answer questions and to make my proposition to you," said Wallace, his fearless young eyes running round the circle. "If you don't like it you can refuse and send me home—to make other arrangements."

"No, we ain't going to send you home," said Orr. It was the first time that he had spoken. Wallace flashed a keen glance at him and spoke his next words directly to him. "But I'm sure you won't want to do it. You see, I'm your last chance, and you *have* to examine it!"

They had not expected such an answer. A little vibration ran like a wave over the gaunt, ferociously attentive faces. Wallace's eyes were fixed on Orr's face, which did not change. Orr's hand was in the breast of his ragged waistcoat.

"You people have certainly had the devil's own time, and through no fault of yours, unless it's a fault that you aren't quitters!"

"That's right," said Robbins. Orr's eyes narrowed a little. Wallace continued, not taking his own eyes off the farmer's:

"This country is all right when there's a good year, but the good years come so seldom! What you fellows need down here is not free silver, but free water. With plenty of water you can raise big crops; and down in this valley there is not the danger, if we dig ditches, of the river running dry; we can get—"

"And who'll pay for irrigation?" a voice demanded. Wallace did not shift his gaze to the speaker; he talked to Orr as if Orr were the only man in the room: "We expect to furnish the money."

"And what will happen till the ditches are digged?"

"There's alfalfa to be raised on all these abandoned fields."

"And what's to become of *us*?" said Orr. "I can see where you folks can git a holt and come out even; but what's going to become of us? Are we to move off the earth and let you stay here?"

Every one listened for Wallace's answer. Even the boy in the doorway, returning with Wallace's bag, stood half scared at the foot of the stairs, not daring to go forward.

"Why not stay and take pot luck with us?" said Wallace, coolly. "We bought the mortgages cheap, and we'll sell them cheap. We'll sell water rights cheap also. And you will make better colonists than any we could import—cheaper, too. It's for our interests as well as yours to make a deal with you, and to make one that will be satisfactory. Isn't it?"

Orr's hand dropped to his side, he shuffled his feet, his eyes turned from Wallace to seek the captain. "I hadn't figured it out you was going to make any such proposition," said the captain.

"Perhaps you thought we intended to chuck you all out in the cold and hog everything. We are neither such pigs nor such fools. You fellows can help us more than anybody else. Here is Johnny. Now, let's come to business; but first, Johnny, get some glasses. We'll all drink to the new deal."

And afterwards they told with chuckles how even the captain, who was an original Prohibitionist before he became a Populist, touched his lips to the glass that was passed over the big map.

"All you folks here need is *hope*," said the cheerful young Iowan; "you have plenty of pluck and plenty of sense, and oodles of experience; and we stand ready to put in the capital. Now, what do you say; does it go?"

After an hour of talk over the maps, he repeated the question, and the captain himself led the chorus, "It goes. We'll all stand by you!"

The blizzard had not come, and the moon was shining when George Robbins and Wesley Orr drove home from town. A basket was carefully held on Orr's knees. Robbins was caroling the chorus to "Johnny Harvard" and wishing a health to him and his true love at the top of a hoarse and husky voice. Orr looked solemnly ahead into the little wavering disk of radiance that their lantern cast. Once he shivered violently, but he was not cold. Suddenly he spoke. There was a quiver in his face and his voice, but all he said was: "Say, he was dead right. We was so desperate we was crazy. Hope, that was what we needed, and he give it to us; but how some fellers would have messed that job, getting round to that same proposal we all wanted to hug him for! And—I'm glad he didn't. I'm almighty glad we didn't git a chance to do what we set out to do. He was slick. Say, what is it they call them newspaper boys? Spellbinders? That's him—a first-class, A-number-one spellbinder!"

THE MEN IN THE RANKS.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

By Major Philip Douglas.

WHAT sort of chaps enlisted? Well, I can speak only of the West. There a very large part were farmers' sons, boys of from twenty to twenty-five years of age; sound, healthy, docile, used to outdoor life and plain fare, and lacking only a quick understanding of distinctions of rank, and, in their earlier service, the power of dispensing with regular sleep.

The city-bred boy, used to theatres and other sleep-robbing amusements, could keep awake on guard or on picket duty without trouble. The country boy had to acquire this power painfully. As to rank, the farmer's son put on no airs and allowed none. So at first his officers, his own playmates perhaps, elected by the recruits themselves, appeared to his view as differing from himself chiefly in the matter of shoulder-straps and chevrons, and in getting more pay. Why he should salute and call by a title a friend who had hitherto been "Jim" or "Bill" to him, did not at first discover itself. The officers were at first quite as awkward in these matters as the men, disliking "to put on airs" with their boyhood friends, and hating caste as much as did the soldiers they commanded.

I remember the startled, disgusted look of a young regular officer riding with the new colonel of a new infantry regiment, on hearing a voice from the ranks call out to the colonel, "Say, John, what's the news from home?" These things were not intentional disrespect; they were natural, and hardly blamable. Of course campaigning soon corrected the more glaring of such faults, for the men required no course of lectures, after actual work began, to teach them the value and the necessity of organization.

In this I claim the volunteer from our Western States as peerless: his wonderful adaptability, his straightforward, practical sense. These made him a trustworthy and efficient soldier while a foreigner would be learning his facings. Young fellows who had never seen even a militia company became, with a few months of field service, efficient company commanders, sure to do the proper thing even under the most adverse circumstances. Clerks from country stores were in the same time developed into active, skilful quartermasters and commissaries, while young family physicians became surgeons of marked capacity. They were very patriotic; but hatred of the foe seemed to come in only later, after this comrade had been killed and the other one crippled, or, harder still, captured.

Many lads enlisted younger than the ages prescribed. General Rosecrans had a boy of thirteen made a sergeant on the battlefield of Chickamauga for conspicuous bravery, and the first Kentucky (Union) had a scarred veteran of a captain promoted at seventeen for good soldiership. But as a general thing the immature recruit broke down and went home invalided. When he escaped this, he became a thing of whipcord and tempered steel.

Likewise men came into the ranks who were past the age of useful service. A man of fifty, or even of forty, however strong and healthy, was very apt to find lacking a certain resiliency, without which full value as a private soldier is not to be had.

The Mexican War veterans were at first in great demand; but apart from their methods being largely obsolete, they were generally past the military prime. The Mexican War had ended fourteen years before the Civil War broke out, and its veterans were nearly middle-aged men at least. These Mexican veterans were great terrors to us youngsters. Aggravating airs of experience were added to an unconcealed contempt for men who had never seen Taylor and Scott, and who didn't even know such names as "Paller Alter" and "Bewner Vister," to say nothing of "Cherrybusker" and "Chipulterpeck."

The West Pointers we did not so much mind. We felt that we needed them as generals, and we had the deepest respect for their fighting qualities; but we secretly sneered at them for being so finikin over

what we saw as trifles, and we were right in believing early in the struggle that they had a good deal to learn as well as ourselves. Most of them had been fighting Indians, and instinct told us that fighting Confederates was another contract.

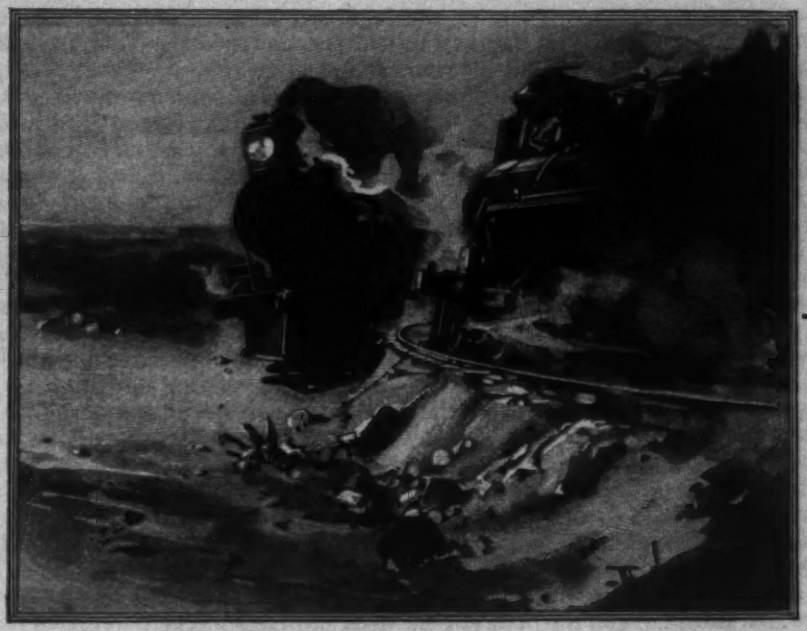
The ideal soldier was perhaps a twenty-two or twenty-three year old Ohio or Indiana boy, fresh from the farm, and with a good cross-roads school education. Some latitude may be given as to years and States—say two or three preferably added, and to the Northwest. Such boys had no vices, and very rarely had bad habits. They loved their mothers, and were a little afraid of the "old man." As for physical courage, no class of men, in our country, at least, can be labelled one way or the other. Most men fight if incited by their passions or ordered by proper authority. A few, very few, love it, and a good many hate it; but if it has to be done, a man's preferences don't cut much of a figure. My own observation, when serving with a small, semi-independent command, made me select for exceptionally dangerous work those men who paled a little at first and then steadied themselves. Such men had sense enough to measure the danger and to avoid adding unnecessary risks, and yet had force enough to do their duty. The reckless dare-devil compelled admiration, but the steady fellow, who kept duty before him in spite of realizing the danger, commanded confidence.

An example of the former, one of many every old volunteer can cite, was the private soldier in the trenches at Vicksburg, ragged and dirty, and in no sense looking like a hero, who, rising up from a pitiful little fire on which his blackened tin cup of coffee was heating, found himself face to face with a party of officers of high rank, who had just come around an angle of the works, as a hissing grenade fell at their and his feet. Among these officers were men whose names are synonyms for bravery, but they stood transfixed when that ragged hero picked up the shell, and blowing on the fuse to make sure of its being in working order, threw it back over the breastworks, yelling to the Confederates, "Keep it yerselves; we don't want it," and turned to his coffee as the thing exploded, just out of reach, with a force that a moment sooner would have blown them all to atoms.

Another case will illustrate the valor of a man through a sense of duty. He was a lieutenant in an Ohio regiment in its first battle. The command was lying down, sheltered by a depression in front of which was an open field with a Confederate earthwork a couple of hundred yards ahead. Over this open place rifle-balls were singing and fine stuff from the field-pieces was whistling. The colonel of the regiment, returning from his brigadier in the rear, was on the point of going out to view the ground over which the regiment was to charge presently. In answer to a lieutenant's question, he said he had to know whether a ravine on the left extended up into the ground in front. The lieutenant pulled him down gently to where all were crouching, and said calmly, "Let me go. There's only one colonel to the regiment, but there's a lot of us lieutenants." Five minutes later, as he bandaged a badly shattered leg he had dragged back, he described the ground accurately to the colonel. This done, without a word of comment he started back to the rear to get his leg "fixed by the doctor."

Occasionally a regiment got an exceptionally good name, but rarely did one get a bad reputation for want of steadiness under fire. At one of the earlier engagements of the war, in western Virginia, a green Indiana regiment was taunted by the Confederates from their breastworks with the cry of "Buena Vista!" There was a story current that a regiment from Indiana had flinched at the battle of Buena Vista in Mexico. The taunt cost the Confederates dearly, for within a few minutes the Indianians proved beyond doubt that any question as to their willingness to fight at close quarters was a matter of past history.

In the long run the higher principled men made the higher mark. One thing which raised the tone of the whole army was the chance for promotion. Death, resignations, and promotions out of the regiment made plenty of vacancies, and every ambitious young fellow knew that his promotion depended more on himself than on any one else. One gallant young fellow of twenty-six years fell in North Georgia in 1863 as colonel of his regiment, having filled every grade from private soldier upwards, not omitting those of sergeant-major and adjutant. He had been a minor clerk in a provision store in his native town when the war broke out. Until after the first year of the war brigadier-generals were the least qualified for their posts of all who wore buttons. But later on, when they were made by promotion instead of political preferment, all this was changed for the better.



"OFF THE TRACK AND NEARLY OFF THE RIGHT OF WAY."

TRUE RAILROAD STORIES.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer."

THE GENERAL MANAGER AND THE GHOST TRAIN.

WHEN the Rio Grande Western was a narrow-gauge road, it was very crooked. Even in the Utah desert there were many curves among the sand hills that have been piled up during the past few thousand years. A locomotive—one of a type known as "sewing-machines," because all their machinery was in sight—was trying to make a spur for the general manager's special, against which she had a time order. The time was growing alarmingly short, and the driver of the light engine knew that the man on the special, with the G. M. behind him, would be crowding the limit. As the little machine rocked round the corners, screaming at every curve, the engineer and fireman kept a sharp lookout ahead, at the same time counting the minutes and reckoning the miles that still lay between them and the spur.

Down the desert one of the swiftest engines on the road was trembling away toward the "sewing-machine," and at the end of each minute the two locomotives were a mile and a half nearer each other.

To be allowed to "pull" the general manager is an honor earnestly striven for by engineers, and when once obtained it is carefully guarded. Whatever record a man makes at the head of such a train is sure to count for or against him, since he is then directly under the eye of the management. The chances are always in favor of a good run, for the train despatcher, with his own reputation at stake, can be depended upon to keep the track clear. He will hold a passenger train ten minutes rather than hold the special five. Another point in favor of the special engineer is the fact that he is due at no particular point at any specified time, and having no time-card to hold him down he may regulate the speed of the train to suit himself. He is always an experienced runner who knows the road—knows every low joint and high centre, every curve and sag, on his division—consequently the officers put no limit upon the speed of the train, but

leave it all to the good judgment of the engineer. It was a clear, dry day in the early autumn, the very best time of year for a fast run, and "Old Sam" had been gaging his speed for fifty miles back so as to hit Coyote spur on the dot and break the record for fast running on the Alkali division.

By the rules of the road five minutes are allowed for the variation of watches, but the rule is not always wholly respected; and as the man on the special was known to be a daring driver, the "sewing-machine" crew saw that they were in a close place long before the smoke of the approaching locomotive was seen. Now they had barely five minutes left, and nothing for the variation, and the coveted siding four miles away. If the opposing train failed to respect the five-minute rule she might, at that moment, be passing the spur. At last there remained but a single mile, and only a minute to do it in. The throttle was wide open, and the little engine was rolling so that the bell rang continually. The fireman had put in his last fire, and was now straining his eyes to catch the smoke of the special. The engineer, with his left hand on the whistle rope, clung to the side of the cab to keep from being thrown out on the right of way.

The wheels under the "sewing-machine" were so small that the best she could do was forty-five miles, and now when she came down to the very last second there was still a quarter of a mile between her and the meeting-point. But at that moment the flying wheels of the special engine crashed over the switch and shut her out. The little "sewing-machine," hid among the sand hills, was straining every nerve to reach the passing-point, at which she was already overdue. The man on the special was just beginning to feel sure of his position when he rounded a curve and saw the light engine emerging from a shallow cut. Of course he shut off, and tried to lessen the force of the collision; but to stop was out of the question.

The fireman on the light engine saw the special and warned his companion, for they were curving to the left and the driver could not see. Thus the four men knew that nothing short of a miracle could prevent a dreadful collision and that in a few seconds' time they would all be piled up in a heap. Both drivers had called to their firemen to jump, and the firemen had turned to their windows. The special engineer was in the act of reversing, that he might take the good opinion of the manager with him. The other engineer only shoved the throttle lever in, braced himself, and awaited the shock.

A man who has never lived up his last moment on earth and survived to tell about it afterwards, can never know how much business one can transact, in his mind, during that moment in which he waits and listens for the swish of the scythe. But one does not always review his past life at such a moment; often he wastes time thinking upon a mere trifle. Ex-Representative in Congress Lafe Pence was in a wreck the next day after his election, and, although he had been a Democrat and had become a Populist, he gave no thought to the past nor the future, but said to himself, as the sleeper plunged down an embankment, "Now what in the world was I elected for?"

The driver of the special engine had a boy, and this boy had climbed up on a picket fence to kiss his father good-by that morning at their home in Salt Lake, but he slipped, fell, and hung there, with a fence picket through the seat of his first pair of trousers; and it was all so funny that now, as the engineer recalled the circumstance, he threw back his head and laughed as heartily as he had ever laughed in his life. The fireman, casting a farewell glance at his companion, saw him laughing and concluded that the driver, in his last moment, had suddenly become insane; but as he glanced ahead where death was waiting he was not sure that he was sane himself.

The driver, having finished his laugh and still feeling no shock, looked ahead. The track was clear! He unlatched the reverse lever and threw the engine in the forward motion; and the speed of the train, which had been but little checked, carried them away down among the sand hills. The driver looked over at the fireman and asked: "Did you see anything?"

"No," said the fireman. "Did you?" And the driver said no, tried his water and opened the throttle, and the engine whirled away, while the fireman returned to his place at the furnace door.

The two men scarcely glanced at each other again until they stopped for water at Green River, but each in his own mind was recalling all the wild tales of "ghost" trains he had ever heard. Each was firm in the belief that he had seen a "ghost," but he would never tell it—not for his job.

The officers in the special train felt the resistance of the engine when the engineer shut off and reversed, and the general

manager, turning to the superintendent, asked, with a show of surprise: "When did you put in that siding?"

"What? Back there? That's Coyote spur, and it has been there for six months," was the reply.

"I know very well," said the manager, "where Coyote spur is, for we waited there for fifteen minutes for No. 8 going down the other day; but we just passed a siding on the north."

The superintendent was inclined to be funny; but the colonel, stroking his long gray Peffers, remarked that he had seen a locomotive standing at the point mentioned, and "as trains are not in the habit of meeting and passing between stations, I take it that there must be a siding there." There was just a twinkle of mirth in the colonel's eyes, which, despite the finger marks left about them by the touch of time, are still bright with the sparkle of youth; but the superintendent was utterly unable to understand the general manager.

There was silence for a little while, but the general manager was by no means satisfied. He pressed the button, and when the black porter came in he asked: "Did you see an engine on a siding back a ways, George?"

"No, sah, I haven't saw no engine; d'ain't no sidin' 'cept Ci-ote spur, an' dat wus clear."

"Send the conductor to me," said the officer, and when the conductor came in the manager asked to be allowed to look at the running orders.

"Run special to Grand Junction, avoiding all regular trains. Extra engine 57 has until five fifty-five (5.55) to make Coyote spur against you."

"What time did you pass the spur?" demanded the colonel.

"Precisely at 5.55," said the conductor, now somewhat alarmed at the manager's air.

"Is there a siding between here and Coyote?" asked the colonel, and the superintendent, being at a loss to make out what the manager was driving at, started to leave the car, but his superior officer called him back.

"There is not," was the conductor's reply.

"Perhaps," said the colonel, "there was not when we went down; but there is now, for I saw a locomotive standing there."

The conductor laughed as the superintendent had done, but the colonel offered to risk a case of champagne that he had seen no "ghost" train, and the superintendent took the bet as the easiest way of settling an argument which was about to become embarrassing.

When the special reached Green River the party went into the eating-house, where supper had been ordered, and, as was his habit, the colonel sat at the same table with the train and engine crew.

"What did you shut off for just this side of Coyote spur, Sam?" asked the colonel, looking the engineer in the eye, and instantly the eyes of the whole party were upon the driver's dusky face. He was speechless. Not that the circumstance had escaped his mind, for, as a matter of fact, he had thought of little else; but he knew not how to answer.

"Did you think that engine was on the main line?" asked the general manager, noticing the embarrassment of the engine crew.

"What engine?" asked the engineer, trying to look and speak natural.

"There was only one engine there besides your own," was the colonel's response. "Will you be good enough to answer my question?"

"Well," thought the driver, "if I've got 'em the G. M.'s got 'em," and he answered: "I did think she was on the main stem."

"What did you think, Harry?" asked the superintendent of the fireman, who was staring at the engineer. The fireman only closed his eyes and shook his head slowly as though he considered them all crazy, and his long lashes, dark with coal dust, lay upon his newly washed face like the lashes of a chorus girl.

"Did you see anything on your side?" asked the colonel, who was determined to unlock the lips of the fireman.

"Not a thing," said Harry. "I don't believe in ghosts."

"It will not be necessary for you to make out a 63 [an accident report], but I wish you would tell me what you saw and how it affected you," said the general manager, addressing the engineer.

"May I ask you first if you saw anything, Colonel?" said the driver.

"I saw a locomotive standing on a spur or siding just east of Coyote."

"When I see her first," said Sam, taking courage from the colonel's confession, "she was bang in front of us coming out of a cut like a ball out of a cannon. I saw it was all up with us, but I naturally shut off—mechanically, so to speak. I

think I hooked her over, but I didn't whistle, open the sand valve, nor set the air—they wa'n't no use—no time—but just then I thought of little Sammie as I saw him last, hangin' on the fence by the seat uv his pants, an' it seemed to me that I never see anything quite so funny, and I laughed that hard that the tears came in my eyes and blinded me. Then the thought came to me that we were a long time coming together; so I looks ahead, an' there wa'n't a thing in sight. I asked Harry if he see anything, an' he lied an' asked if I see anything, an' I lied too, an' opened up the throttle again. That's all I know about it."

There was a noticeable increase in the attention of the company, and Tim Flarrity, the flagman, leaning low toward the table, crossed himself, and ventured the prediction that they would have a head-end collision before they reached the junction. "I never see a ghost train show up yet that didn't mean something," he added, but the burst of laughter that followed closed his circuit, and he said no more.

Now the agent came in with a number of messages for the superintendent, and as the officer read the first of the lot he began to smile.

"Read it out," said the colonel. "Perhaps it will tell us something about the 'ghost.'" The superintendent read:

"Engine 57 is off the track and nearly off the right of way 1,000 yards east of Coyote spur, but still on her feet."

That explained the "ghost" engine. At the instant her engineer shut off steam, the "sewing-machine," just then rounding a sharp curve, jumped the track, lit square on her wheels, and went plowing out over the hard adobe of the desert. She rolled and rocked for a few seconds, and then came to a stop, with the engine-men still standing in the cab. The engine had been working hard, and if the throttle had remained open she might have made the curve all right, but the sudden relaxation of all her tension caused a jar that threw her off her feet. But it was a lucky jar for her crew.

A RAILROAD DOG.

DOGS know a great many things, and appear to know a great many things which they do not know. The most intelligent dogs I have seen have been railroad dogs, and the best railroad dogs are water spaniels, or shepherd dogs with a dash of bird-dog blood of some sort in their veins. Engineer Yates used to have a big, bony bird dog called "Napoleon," who came, in time, to know the whistle or the bell of the "86" better than did the engineer's best girl.

This locomotive was used only to haul Superintendent Ridgeway's private car, and when the bell sounded as the little engine drew her toy-train up to the telegraph office, Napoleon would go galloping down the hill, over the bridge, and leap into the cab. Taking his place on the fireman's side, he would lean, or rather hang, out of the window, watching for the conductor to come forward with the running orders. The special, although it had its regular engine and engineer, might not have the same conductor twice in six months; so Napoleon could only watch and wait until one of the many employees about the station came to the cab and gave a copy of the train order to the engineer. There might be three or four trains preparing to pull out, but when he had once seen the special conductor the watchful dog never lost sight of him. Any number of men might come from the telegraph office and throw up their hands with a signal to go, and Napoleon would remain motionless. The men used to put up jobs on him. If it was Jack Brown's run, Gurin or Patterson would rush out, cry "All right," and give a signal. Then Dufur would put on Jack Brown's coat and cap, and try to "rush" the dog; but it never did go. By and by the "old man," as the superintendent is always called, would come forth and shout: "What you fellows doing? Get out o' town!"

Then the real conductor would give a signal, and Napoleon would pull in his head, shoot a quick glance at the engineer, take his place close up in the left-hand corner of the cab, and begin to thump the top of the waste box, upon which he was seated, with his front feet. Here he would dance and whine impatiently until the bell sounded and the engineer gave the engine steam.

One evening Yates went out to help a passenger train to the top of the hill and

return at midnight. He took another locomotive; so Napoleon didn't miss him until he was far away up the mountain. They used to meet at the Monte Cristo every evening for supper—Yates, the dog, and Yates's room-mate; but for some unaccountable reason Napoleon was late upon this occasion, and when he finally came and failed to find his master he cut some of the wildest capers of his life. The room-mate, who, to tell the truth, had no love for dogs nor patience with them, turned Napoleon out. Down to the round-house went the dog as though he had been shot at. He soon found the "86"; but that failed to quiet him. Everywhere through the house and shops he went charging in search of his lost master. About the time the engineer at the room fell asleep Napoleon fell against the door with the force of a head-end collision. The man got up and let him in, swore, and went to sleep again. After beating about the room for a while, the troubled dog crawled under the bed, and fell asleep also.

But he was troubled even in his sleep. At times he would cry out and waken himself, and then he would come forth and nose round the bed to see if Yates had returned. About midnight a locomotive whistle broke the stillness of the valley so suddenly that it awakened both the man and the dog. At the conclusion of the long blast there came two short "toot-toots," and Napoleon made a rush for the door, striking the top of his head a cruel blow against the bed railing. Of course it was not the whistle of the "86," nor one at all like it. But Yates had a touch, an accent, that the dog knew, and which a man or woman could scarcely detect; and now he stood up and beat the door until

"AS YATES PULLED INTO THE YARDS, NAPOLEON WAS BOUNDING ALONG IN THE LIGHT OF THE HEAD-LAMP."

the man got up and let him out; and as Yates pulled into the yards, Napoleon was bounding along in the light of his head-lamp.

When Yates reached his room he was enthusiastic in his praise of the wonderful sagacity of Napoleon; but his room-mate refused to "enthuse." "It may be very funny for you, but I don't care to be kept awake all night. To-morrow," he added, "you'll have to choose between me an' that fool dog."

Yates was silent now, for it was a serious matter. He was fond of his room-mate; but on the following day he chose—he kept the dog.

A WILD NIGHT AT WOODRIVER.

"KEEP that kid quiet," said Bankers in a hoarse whisper.

"I'm doing the best I can," said his wife, trying to hush the little one who was sobbing and moaning in her lap. In the baby's milk-wagon a bitter fight was going on between paregoric and pain, and the latter was dying hard. The wind drove the rain against the side of the car, and made it rock to and fro. "Emma," said Mrs. Bankers to her friend, "take that bottle and hold it between you and a crack in the car, and when it lightens, drop ten drops into the spoon—I suppose we must not strike a light."

"You bet you don't strike any light here unless you are ready to give up your chignon," said Bankers, without taking his eyes from the crack through which he was peeping. Emma took the bottle, and at each flash of lightning dropped a drop of hush medicine into the spoon, and when she had put in ten drops they gave it to the baby. That made twenty drops: it was dangerous—but it was sure death to all of them if the baby cried aloud.

The rain came in great sheets and with such force that it seemed that the car could hardly hold the rail. It was not a Pullman car; just a common red stock car, standing on a siding, with a few armfuls of straw upon the floor. Occasionally Bankers turned to glance at the two women, who were crouching in one end of the car, and when the lightning lit up their faces they were fearful to behold. Now the rain, cold as sleet, came through the cracks in the car, and stung the faces of those within. Mrs. Bankers had seen three winters at Woodriver, but her friend, a young woman who had come out to western Nebraska to teach school, was in every sense a "tenderfoot," and the experience of this wild night had almost driven her mad.

"There they are," whispered Bankers.

The women put their eyes to a crack, and when a flash came they could see a reef of feathered heads that formed a half-circle around a house, like a feather boa about a woman's neck. Half the band dismounted, and made a rush for the cottage. The door was broken, and the red devils swarmed in. One of them took a newspaper and lighted it at the open fireplace to make a torch, and by the light of it the little party in the stock car could see the Sioux running, half crouching, from room to room, in search of the occupants. Finding the place deserted, and smarting under their disappointment, the Indians now set fire to the house, and by the light of it started to loot the railroad station, which stood less than a hundred yards away.

The station agent had been warned, as the others had been, by a Pawnee scout, but had bravely refused to leave his post. He had made no light, but sat in one end of the dark little room which served as ticket office, telegraph office, and sleeping-room, and, as the Indians approached, opened fire. At the very first shot the leader of the murderous band leaped high into the air, came down on his feet, leaped up again, and again, and finally fell in a heap to rise no more. With a deafening yell the angry band made a rush for the door, and began to beat against it with tomahawks, clubs, and guns.

Having emptied his rifle, the agent now took up a pair of forty-five caliber revolvers, and the lead fairly rattled against the door, and no less than a half-dozen hair-lifters sank to the platform, causing the besiegers to fall back a space. From a distance they began to pour the lead into the building, but the agent, crouching behind the little iron safe, was still unhurt. An Indian brought a torch from the burning cottage and attempted to fire the station, but the rain and wind put out the fire. Two or three Sioux, noticing a string of cars upon the siding, began to search for stock or eatable freight. From car to car they ran, thrusting their rifles into the straw. "Uh," said an old buck, as his rifle found something soft in one of the cars, and Bankers felt a pain in his short ribs. Laying hold of the side of the car, the Indian began to pull and strain. By the merest chance he had taken hold of the car door, and now, as it opened, he thrust his hideous head inside. Bankers could have blown the top of the head off, but he knew that to fire would be to attract a dozen redskins, against whom he could not hope to hold out long. The women scarcely breathed. The baby, full of paregoric, slept as though it had already entered upon its final rest. The other two Indians had given up the search among the empty cars and gone back to the station, where the agent, having reloaded all his weapons, kept the gang hopping and dancing about the station platform. The old Sioux at the car door cocked his head and listened. He must have fancied he heard something breathe, for now he put his hands upon the sill and leaped into the car. He had scarcely straightened up when Bankers's rifle barrel fell across his feathered head, and he dropped like a beef. The young woman uttered a faint scream, and that was the last sound that came from her corner for some time. The Sioux never moved a finger, and Bankers, having removed the warrior's gun and ammunition, gave the gun over to his wife, and then covered the dead Sioux with straw. Already the little frame cottage had burned to the ground, and the rain had nearly quenched the fire. Every attempt made by the band to fire the station had ended in failure, and the Sioux were now preparing to storm the fort. It was hard for Bankers to keep quiet in the car while the agent sold his life so bravely and so dearly to the Sioux; but there were his wife and baby and the helpless schoolmistress, who had been persuaded by the Bankers to come to this wild region, and he felt it his duty to protect them as best he could. Presently he felt the car vibrate perceptibly, as though it were being rolled slowly along the rail. His first thought was that the Indians were pushing the empty cars down near the station, and that they would set fire to the

"IT WAS A LOCOMOTIVE DRAWING A DOZEN BOX CARS AND RUNNING WITHOUT A HEADLIGHT."

straw, and then there would be no possible escape. Now there was a roar as of an approaching train, and an instant later a great dark object hove in sight and rolled past the car. It was a locomotive drawing a dozen box cars and running without a headlight. The shouts of the besiegers, the rattle of rifles, and the wild cry of the night prevented the Sioux from feeling the vibration, or hearing the sound, of the approaching train.

The agent, who had been severely wounded, now crawled to the key and called Ogallala. At the first attack he had wired for help, and now he told the operator there that he could only hold the place for a little while longer. He was still at the key when the engine, rolling up to the station, shook the building, and he knew the moment he felt the quiver of it that help was at hand. Instantly the doors of the box cars came open, and a company of government scouts, all Pawnees except the officers, leaped to the platform just as the band of Sioux were making their last desperate charge upon the station. The battle was short and decisive, and when the Sioux fled they left more than half their number upon the field.

The conductor of the train had ridden all the way on the locomotive, and the moment the train stopped he leaped to the ground and ran through a shower of bullets to where the cottage which had been the home of the Bankers had stood. The sight of the house in ashes made him sick at heart; but there was still hope—they might have taken refuge in the station. And facing about, he fought his way to and through the shot-riddled door. The agent lay upon the floor in a pool of his own blood, but he was still alive. "Where are they?" asked the conductor.

"Among the stock cars, if they are still alive," was the reply which came in a faint whisper. "I saw them leaving the house at dusk—go to them—I'm—I'm all right;" and the conductor, having placed the wounded man upon his bed, made for the stock cars.

"Bankers, where are you?" he called; and Bankers answered, only two cars away. Now the conductor lighted his white light and climbed into the car. The brave Mrs. Bankers greeted him with a smile that soon changed to tears, for in the light of the hand-lamp she saw her baby's face, and it looked like the face of a dead child. "Emma," she called excitedly, but there was no answer.

"Is she dead?" cried the conductor, falling upon his knees and holding the light close to his sweetheart's face.

"No," said Bankers, "she only fainted when I killed this Sioux;" and he gave the dead Indian a kick and rolled him out of the car.

"But the baby," pleaded Mrs. Bankers.

"She's all right," said the husband. "Only a little too much paregoric." And so it proved.

And all this is not a dream. It is only a scrap of the history of the early days of the Union Pacific. The brave station

agent is an old man now, and one of his legs is shorter than the other—the one that was shot that night. The baby, having recovered from her severe tussle with colic and paregoric, is now one of the most charming women in one of our charming Western cities. The conductor of the soldier train is at this writing a general superintendent of a well-known railway. The snows of forty winters have fallen upon his wife's hair; it is almost white; but her face is still young and handsome, and I remember that she blushed, when telling this story to me and recalling the fact that she had fainted in a stock car on that wild night at Woodriver.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A TRUE SHORT STORY TOLD MAINLY IN A SERIES OF UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY GENERAL SHERMAN.

By Ella Fraser Weller.

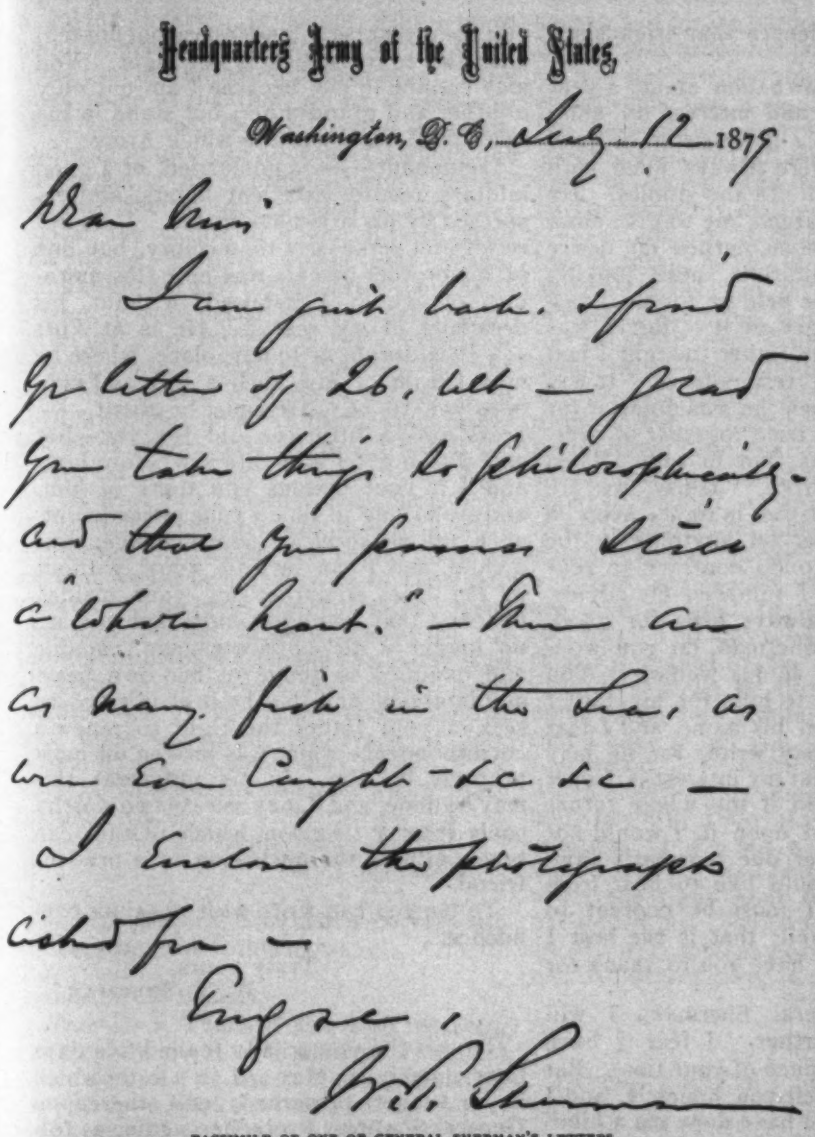
NO man of high position and a multitude of affairs, it is well known, was ever more approachable than General Sherman. He had a sympathetic ear for almost any appeal that might be made to him. Especially ready was his attention and kindness if the applicant chanced to be a young person, for of young people, young men as well as young women, he was especially fond. He was endowed himself with an ever-youthful heart. "He had to the last," says one of his closest friends, "a buoyancy of spirits that usually belongs only to youth. I never saw him speak to a young person without smiling; and as to his ways toward women, he was a Bayard of the Bayards." Besides sympathy and kindliness, there was in his relations with young people not a little imagination. He entered romantically into their affairs, and strove to promote for them their own kind of pleasure. It pleased him above all things to have them happy, and in order to forward what he divined to be their happiness he would give himself no end of pains. In return, they instinctively recognized him for their friend. To a very unusual degree they confided their troubles to him and sought his counsel and aid. Those, even, who did not personally know him appealed to him as to a benevolent and sympathetic relative.

The instances in illustration of this most charming side of Sherman's character must be very numerous; but they are, naturally, not easy to come at. We have a most interesting and attractive one, however, in the following series of letters, written to a young lady who, while yet a school-girl, scarcely sixteen, through circumstances that need not be recited here, had been led into correspondence with an officer in the regular army whom she had never seen. It was merely a friendly correspondence, not a lover's correspondence; but still it was sufficiently intimate and interesting to make the end which was soon put to it by the young girl's father something of a grief to both parties. The officer wrote to the father, soliciting that approval of the correspondence which he had better have asked earlier; but the father was immovable, and all communication between the young people ceased. A year passed without either having any further word or knowledge of the other. Then, in 1876, occurred the battle with the Sioux Indians on the Little Big Horn River, in Montana, wherein General Custer lost his life; and the officer's gentle-hearted correspondent was filled with anxiety lest he might have been one of the victims of that fatal engagement. Finally her anxiety became so great that, in order if possible to learn the officer's fate, she addressed a letter of inquiry to the Commander of the Army, General Sherman. She signed her letter only with her initials, thinking General Sherman might mistake her for a man, and, in consequence, accord her a prompter answer. He was not deceived; but his answer came promptly enough, and was as follows:

Headquarters Army of the United States.
Washington, D. C., *May* 2, 1879.

Miss ——.

My dear young lady: There are *two* "Captains" J. W. —— in the army. First, Captain —— of the Sixth Infantry, stationed at ——, on the upper Missouri River, was on the sixteenth of April ordered before the Retiring Board at Fort



Headquarters Army of the United States,

Washington, D. C., July 12 1875

Dear Sir

I am just back. Find your letter of 26. ult — glad you take things so philosophically. and that you possess a "stout heart." — There are as many fish in the sea, as ever Ever Caught — &c &c —

I enclose the photographs asked for —

Engage,

W. T. Sherman

FACSIMILE OF ONE OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S LETTERS.

Leavenworth, from which I infer he is in poor health, or made infirm from service. This Captain —— was born in New York, and served in a New York regiment from 1861 to '65, when he was appointed in the regular army.

Second, J. W. ——, First Lieutenant —— Infantry, stationed at Fort ——, California. This Lieutenant —— was born in Ohio, also served in an Ohio regiment during the Civil War, and was appointed to the regular army in 1866.

If you have a special interest, you can probably tell from the above where the officer enquired after is to be found. I have no personal acquaintance with either; but if you tell me honestly *why* you want to know, what is your interest in the officer, I can always find out all about him. From the style of your letter, I infer you to be a young miss, and my mind grasps, probably erroneously, that Captain —— is your sweetheart.

Truly yours,
W. T. SHERMAN.

Availing herself of this cordial invitation, and in order to set the general right a little in his inference regarding her relations with her early correspondent, the young lady wrote him again, sending the following letter:

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

Dear Sir: Your kindness in replying was really unexpected, but I assure you appreciated; the contents of your letter was what I long wished for, but never hoped to attain. The Lieutenant of the —— Infantry is he whom I desired information concerning. Your reply was all I could desire, and I do not know how to thank you. You have been so kind I will tell you "honestly" (did you infer I would fabricate?) my motive in writing to you. How did you know I was a school-girl? I flattered myself you would think me a man, or at least an old aunt; but I am a girl, an unsophisticated little country girl, if you will; but an American girl, with a warm and true interest in the welfare of the whole United States army, whether at peace or in war. No, General Sherman, Lieutenant —— is not my lover; my interest in him is purely friendly; but

that friendship is deeper than friendships commonly are.

I corresponded with him about a year ago, and the care and interest an elder brother would give a little sister he gave me. His letters were always filled with interest in my school life and studies. He advised, nay even urged, me to give close attention to my lessons, curbed my desire for fun and admiration, until looking through the glass he held up for me, I saw the folly and danger of it. But I was only a child, and my father thought I had better give up the correspondence. It was very hard, but I knew he was doing it for my good. Still we tried together to overcome his objections; but in vain. Then Lieutenant —— wrote, "Gipsy, we are both wrong; your father is right; keep on at school, and never let anything in the future tempt you to do contrary to your parents' wishes." I followed his advice, his influence has always been for good, and now, General Sherman, do you wonder at my interest in his welfare? You see I cannot write to him, for my father has never mentioned his name, and I fear to ask him if I may write, for he may think as you did, that my interest is deeper than friendship; and if my whole future happiness depended upon it, I would not cause my dear father one moment's anxiety. Much as I would like to hear from Lieutenant ——, I must be content to know that he is well; that is the best I could know, and I have you to thank for that.

And now, General Sherman, I will trouble you no further. I fear I have already taken too much of your time. But you asked me to tell you honestly, and I have done so. You have done me a kindness I can never forget, and may you ever be as happy as your kind letter rendered me. I only hope, improbable as it may seem, that I shall one day be enabled to do something for you, that I may show you how truly I appreciate your generosity.

Yours,

———.

In a few days General Sherman answered as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.
WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 17, 1879.

MISS ———.

My dear young lady: Your letter of the 11th convinces me that you are a good girl, with a pure heart and soul—one of the most precious beings on earth—and that you should nurse a tender passion, unseen, unknown to its object, is not right. You may confide in me, because I am not only a father and grandfather, but stand in the relation of Father to the whole Army.

Lieutenant —— is unmarried, of a good military record, excellent habits, and respected by his army associates. I do not recall him personally to memory, but one of his brother officers was here this morning, of whom I inquired, without his dreaming of my reason. He is at Fort ——, California, a lonely place, where he must dream of just such a girl as I suppose you to be. He must be about —— years old—a little too old for you—but still with a good long life yet before him; and if in your dreams you think of him, and are willing to renew your old acquaintance, tell me so in the purest confidence of a child, and I can let him know, without in the least compromising your maiden delicacy, that he ought—now that you are no longer a girl, but a woman, capable and qualified to judge of her own heart and interests, and that he is at liberty—to seek of your father the right to renew a correspondence which was broken off most properly by him. In my judgment this may be done, and it may release two worthy souls from a thraldom which neither can break without the mediation of a prudent friend.

To me you can write with absolute confidence.

Truly yours,
W. T. SHERMAN.

To this the young lady replied five days later, namely, on May 22d, in a letter which is no longer preserved; and thereupon General Sherman wrote her again, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.
WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 26, 1879.

MISS ———.

My dear young lady: Yours of the 22d is received, and I will write to ——, without in the remotest degree compromising your dignity or maiden modesty. Your feelings are pure and natural, and you need have no uneasiness at all. Let me know all the facts, and I will be the friend of all. Tell me your age, and if possible send me photograph; so that on hearing from —— I may advise you.

It is not fair that he should be alone away out in the mountains of California, when a pure young girl is treasuring the memory of his former kindness, if not

sighing for some response to the appeal of a loving heart. It is not right—there should be some conclusion. "That sweet hope that lies buried to human eyes" must have some realization, or be suppressed. With you it may be the love of a vision, and who knows but he too is sighing for the object of his youthful dream? I cannot bear the thought of such a girl adoring at the shrine of a photograph when the living man is within easy reach. Should his answer to my letter be what I expect, I shall insist on his applying by letter to your father for the privilege of coming to you, when you must do the rest. Of course you are passionately in love with him now. I think your father knows as much, only he cannot reveal the secret to the object. I can—and will: not as strong as I state it here, but enough to learn his feelings; and will then write you again. Remember this is all I promise, all that would be wise for you to know and realize. If he loves you, you should meet, and each be the judge of the other. If indifferent or offish, banish the thought as a school-girl's dream, and choose your partner out of the many clever fellows that must be within the reach of your acquaintance. I sometimes laugh at the *many* confidences of this sort which reach me officially.

Truly, etc.,
W. T. SHERMAN.

To this General Sherman's correspondent returned the following:

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 26th received. I scarcely know how to answer. I cannot conceive how you can write to Lieutenant —— without his knowledge of my inquiries in regard to him. Another thing: I can tell you what he will answer—"Yes, somewhere in my mind I have a faint recollection of her, but that memory is, she was a silly little thing." A man like him may have dozens of such correspondents to-day, and to-morrow forget them. And do you believe I could be so devoid of practical common sense as to cherish and idolize the memory of a man who never asked my interest and whom I have never met? No, sir, my heart is my own. I beg of you not to call Lieutenant —— my lover; and do not imagine I was worshipping at the shrine of a photograph, for I assure you I was only looking at it. I am sorry that my last letter should have savored so strongly of the schoolroom; but friendship with me is one of the strongest bonds of life; so you will please pardon me, at least since it gave you cause for merriment.

I did not intend, when our correspondence began, that it should at all verge on the confidential; nor did I think that I should be classed as one of the common herd of confidential enthusiasts. I am not passionately in love with Lieutenant ——. I am not holding my heart out for him to accept or refuse as he may see fit. All the respect and reverence I have expressed I feel; but did I give you cause for believing that I was wasting my life dreaming of impossibilities? And not on any account must Lieutenant —— write to my father. Our city has passed no law prohibiting strangers from entering her gates; therefore Lieutenant —— is privileged to visit M. at any time. It is not right, however, that Lieutenant —— and I should meet or correspond now, without a proper and formal introduction. You are kind, so kind, to trouble yourself in this way. You may see things more clearly than I in regard to this, but should he ever visit M. it must be through no effort of mine. You now know all the facts, all that I have to tell you. You must not let Lieutenant —— write to my father. I would have nothing done that might annoy him, nor will I do anything without his sanction. I am but a child to him. I should like to see Lieutenant ——, but it will come right some time. Your letter frightened me. I will send the photograph asked for as soon as possible; but perhaps you had better never mind us any more.

Truly yours,
——

General Sherman's next letter was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.
WASHINGTON, D. C., *June* 17, 1879.

DEAR MISS——:

I received in due time the photograph, and now am able to put your soul at rest—somewhat rudely but effectually.

Lieutenant —— will soon marry a lady of long acquaintance and more suitable in years to his somewhat advanced age. Therefore think of him as an old friend who watched with interest the most captivating object possible, a young school-girl just budding into womanhood, probably not dreaming that that girl had her own secret thoughts. I am glad that your last confirms this same fact, and that Lieutenant —— never by word or look gave you

to believe that he might become a lover. He will soon marry, and you will do the same, and then laugh at me, the old fool who thought he might bring together two happy souls. I don't regret the effort, however, as it gives you a positive knowledge which you could not have obtained otherwise. Wishing you a long and happy life, I am,

Truly, etc.,
W. T. SHERMAN.

Again the young lady's answering letter has disappeared; but she wrote one, and it drew from General Sherman the following reply:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.
WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 12, 1879.

DEAR MISS ——:

I am just back. I find your letter of the 26th *ult.* Glad you take things so philosophically, and that you possess still a "whole heart." There are as many fish in the sea as were ever caught, etc. I enclose the photographs asked for.

Truly yours,
W. T. SHERMAN.

This closed the correspondence until the marriage of the young lady, when General Sherman sent a letter full of good wishes and bright hopes for her, but through which there whispered a minor note, a pathos felt rather than expressed, due to a change then impending in his own life. "I am retiring from active life just as you are entering it," the letter ran. "It is morning with you, evening with me; my footsteps are nearing the last slope, where the sun of life goes down, yours are buoyantly bounding up towards the first hilltops, with the dawn of a glorious morning for your background. May the sun shine on your young head through a long, bright life."

THE RETIRING OF DOMSIE.

BY IAN MACLAREN,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

IT was an ancient custom that Domsie and Drumsheugh should dine with Dr. Davidson in the manse after the distribution of prizes at the school, and his companions both agreed afterwards that the dominie was never more cheerful than on those days. There was always a review of stories when the doctor and Domsie brought out their favorites, with Drumsheugh for an impartial and appreciative audience, and every little addition or improvement was noted in a spirit of appreciative criticism.

During the active operations of dinner, talk was disjointed and educational, hinging on the prospects of the calf crop in the school, and the golden glories of the past, ever better than the present, when the end of each university session showered medals on Drumtochty. When the doctor had smacked his first glass of port, having examined it against the light, and the others had prepared their toddy in a careful silence, broken only by wise suggestions from the host, it was understood that genuine conversation might begin.

"Aye, aye," Domsie would remark, by way of intimating that they, being now in an open and genial mind, were ready to welcome one of the doctor's best stories, and Drumsheugh became insistent.

"A'm no wantin' tae tribble ye, Docter, but a've never got ower that sermon on the turtle, Docter. Ye micht let's hear it again. A'm no sure gin the dominie ever herd it." May Drumsheugh be forgiven!

Whereupon Domsie went on the back trail, and affected to search his memory for the traces of the turtle, with no satisfaction. May he also be forgiven!

"Toots, Drumsheugh, you are trying to draw my leg. I know you well, eh? As for you, Dominie, you've heard the story twenty times. Well, well, just to please you; but mind you, this is the last time.

"It was the beginning of a sermon that old MacFee, of Glenogie, used to preach on the Monday after the sacrament, from the text, 'The voice of the turtle is heard in the land,' and this was the introduction:

"'There will be many wonders in the latter day, but this is the greatest of them all—the voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land. This marvel falls into two parts, which we shall consider briefly and in order.

"WHAT AILS YOU, DOMINIE? ARE ANY OF YOUR LADDIES GOING BACK ON YOU?"

"'I. A new posture evidently implied, when an animal that has gone upon its belly for ages shall arise on its hind legs and walk majestically through the land; and,

"'II. A new voice distinctly promised, when a creature that has kept silence from generation to generation will at last open its mouth and sing melodiously among the people.'"

"It's michty," summed up Drumsheugh, after the exposition had been fully relished. "Ye'll no hear the like o' that noo-a-days in a coonty. It's weel telt also, for the best story is no worth hearin' frae a puir hand. The corn needs to be cleaned afore ye tak it tae mearket."

"The story is not without merit," and the doctor's modesty was all the more striking as he was supposed to have brought the turtle into its present form out of the slenderest materials, "but the dominie has some far neater things." Anything Domsie had was from Aberdeen, and not to be compared, he explained, with Perthshire work, being very dry and wanting the fruity flavor of the Midland County; but he could still recall the divisions of the action sermon given every year before the winter sacrament in Bourtrie-Lister:

"I. Let us remember that there is a moral law in the universe.

"II. Let us be thankful there is a way of escape from it."

And then Domsie would chuckle with a keen sense of irony at the theology underneath. "For the summer sacrament," he would add after a pause, "we had a discourse on sin wi' twa heads, 'Original Sin' and 'Actual Transgressions'; and after Maister Deuchar finished wi' the first, he aye snuffed, and said with great cheerfulness, 'Now let us proceed to actual transgressions.'"

Although Domsie's tales had never in them the body of the doctor's, yet he told them with such a pawkie humor, that Drumsheugh was fain between the two to cry for mercy, being often reduced to the

humiliation of open laughter, of which he was afterwards much ashamed.

On the day Domsie made his lamentable announcement, it was evident to his friends that he was cast down and ill at ease. He only glanced at a Horace which the doctor had been fool enough to buy in Edinburgh and had treasured up for Domsie's delectation at the close of the school year—the kind of book he loved to handle, linger over, "return to gaze at," for all the world like a Catholic with a relic.

"Printed, do you see, by Henry Stephen, of Paris—there's his trademark, a philosopher gathering twigs from the tree of knowledge—and bound by Boyer—old French morocco. There is a coat of arms—I take it of a peer of France;" and the doctor, a born book-collector, showed all its points, as Drumsheugh would have expatiated on a three-year-old bullock.

Domsie could not quite resist the contagious enthusiasm; putting on his spectacles to test the printing, running his hand over the gold tooling as one strokes a horse's glossy skin, and tasting afresh one or two favorite verses from a Horace printed and bound by the master craftsmen of their day. But it was only a brief rally, and Domsie sank again into silence, from which neither kindly jest nor shrewd country talk could draw him, till at last the doctor asked him, which was going far with us, who thought it the worst of manners to pry into one's secrets:

"What ails you, Dominie? Are any of your laddies going back on you?" and the doctor covered the inquiry by reminding Drumsheugh that his glass was low.

"Na, na, they are fechting hard wi' body and mind, an' daein' their verra best, accordin' tae their pairts. Some o' the Drumtochty scholars lived and some dee'd in the war, but there wasna ane disgraced his pairish."

"They have made it known in every university of Scotland," broke in the doctor, "and also their master's name."

"Ye've aye made ower mickle o' my wark, but a'm grateful this nicht an' content to tak' a' ye say in yir goodness, for a've sent oot ma last scholar;" and Domsie's voice broke.

"Not a bit of it. Man alive, you're fit for ten years yet, and as for laddies, I know four in the school that'll do you credit or I'm not minister of Drumtochty."

"If it's the siller for their fees," began Drumsheugh, inwardly overcome by Domsie's unexpected breakdown.

Domsie waved his hand. "The laddies are there and the twa or three notes 'ill be gotten as afore, but it 'ill no be me that 'ill furnish them."

"What is the meaning of this, Mister Jamieson," demanded the doctor, sternly, for the woful dejection of Domsie was telling on him also.

"It's been on ma mind for years, an' maybe I should hae dune it lang syne; but it was hard on flesh and blude. I hev taught ma last class, and ye will need to get another dominie;" and Domsie, who was determined to play the man, made a show of filling his glass.

"You're an Aberdeenshire mon, a ken, though maist fouk hae forgotten that ye're no ain' o' oorsels; but div ye tell me that ye're gain' tae leave us after a thae years an' the bairns ye've educat?" and Drumsheugh grew indignant.

"Dinna be feared, Drumsheugh, or think me ungrateful. I may gang north tae see ma birthplace aince mair, an' the graves o' ma fouk, an' there's another hoose in Aberdeen I would like tae see, and then I'm comin' back tae Drumtochty to live an' dee here among the friends that hev been kind to me."

"This has come suddenly, Domsie, and is a little upsetting;" and Drumsheugh noticed that the doctor was shaken. "We have worked side by side for a long time, church and school, and I was hoping that there would be no change till—till we both retired altogether; we're about the same age. Can't you—eh, Dominie?"

"God kens, Doctor, a dinna lik' the thot o't, but it's for the gude o' the schule. A'm no hearin' sae weel as aince a did, an' ma hands are shakin' in the writin'. The scholars are gettin' their due, for a'm no failin' in humanity (Latin), but the bairns are losing, and my day's dune.

"Ye 'ill say that a'm retirin' an' thank a-body for their consideration, and, Doctor, a've juist a favor tae ask. Gin a new schule an' maister's house be built, wull ye lat me get the auld ane? It'll no be worth much, an' . . . I wud like tae end ma days there."

"Whate'er you want, Domsie, and ye 'ill come to the manse till it be free, and we 'ill have many a night among the classics. But . . . this is bad news for the Glen, come who may in your place;" and then, though each man did his part, it was a cheerless evening.

Next day Domsie left to make his pious pilgrimage, and on Sabbath there was only one subject in the kirkyard.

"Div ye no think, neebours," said Hillocks, after a tribute had been paid to Domsie's services, "that he oucht tae get

some bit testimonial? It wudna be wise-like tae let him slip oot o' the schule wi'oot a word frae the Glen."

Hillocks paused, but the fathers were so much astonished at Hillocks taking the initiative in expenditure that they waited for further speech.

"Noo, Pitscoarie is no a pairish tae pit beside Drumtochty for ae meenut, but when their dominie gied up his post, if the bodies didna gather fifty pund for him; they ca'd it a purse o' sovereigns in the 'Advertiser,' but that was juist a genteel name for't.

"A'm no sayin'," continued Hillocks, "that it wud be safe tae trust Domsie wi' as mickle siller at a time; he wud be off tae Edinburgh an' spend it on auld bukes, or maybe divide it up amang his students. He's careless, is Domsie; but we micht gie him somethin' tae keep."

"What wud ye say," suggested Whinnie, when the kirkyard was revolving the matter, "if we got him a coo 'at wud gie him milk and be a bit troke tae occupy his time? What he didna need cud be made into butter and sent tae Muirtown; it wud be a help."

"Ye have an oreeginal mind," said Jamie, who always on these occasions pitied the woman that was married to Whinnie, "an' a'm sure yir perposal 'ill be remembered. Domsie feedin' his coo on the road-side, wi' a Latin buke in his hand, wud be interestin'."

"It's most aggravatin'," broke in Hillocks, who was much annoyed at the turn things had taken, "that ye winna gie me time tae feenish, an' 'ill set Domsie stravaging the roads at the tail o' a coo for his last days."

"It was Jamie," remonstrated Whinnie.

"Haud yir tongue." Hillocks felt the time was short, and he had an idea that must be ventilated. "A was considerin' that Domsie's snuff-box is gey far thro' wi't. A'm judjin' it has seen thirty years, at ony rate, and it was naethin' tae boast o' at the beginnin'. A've seen fresh hinges pit on it twice masel.

"Now, gin we bocht a snod bit silver boxie an' pit an inscription on't wi' it wud be usefu' for ae thing, it wud be bonnie for anither, aye, an' something mair," and Hillocks grew mysterious.

"A legacy, div ye mean," inquired Jamie, "or what are ye aifter?"

"Weel, ye see," explained Hillocks with much cunning, "there's a man in Kildrummie got a box frae his customers, an' it's never oot o' his hand. When he taps the lid ye can see him reading the inscription, and he's a way o' passin' it tae ye on the slant that's downricht clever. Ye canna help seein' the words."

"Gin we were thinkin' aboot a present tae a coal agent or a potato dealer," said Jamie, "I wud hae the box wi' the words, but Domsie's a queer body, an' a'm jalousin' that he wud never use yir grand silver box frae the day he got it, an' a'm dootin' it micht be sold fer some laddie to get him better keep at the college.

"Besides," continued Jamie, thoughtfully, "a'm no sure that ony man can tak up wi' a new box after fifty. He's got accustomed tae the grip o' the auld box, and he kens whar tae pit in his thumb and finger. A' coont that it taks aboot fifteen year tae grow into a snuff-box.

"There's juist ae thing Domsie cares aboot, an' it's naither meat nor drink, nor siller snuff-boxes; it's his college laddies, gettin' them forrit and payin' their fees, an' haudin' them in life till they're dune."

By this time the kirkyard was listening as one man and with both ears, for it was plain Jamie had an idea.

"Ca' on, Jamie," encouraged Drumsheugh, who had as yet given no sign.

"He's had his ain time, hes Domsie, gaein' roond Muirtown market collectin' the notes an' seein' the scholars hed their bukes. A'm no denyin' that Domsie was greedy in his ain way, and gin the Glen cud gither eneuch money tae foond a bit bursary for puir scholars o' Drumtochty, a wudna say but that he micht be pleased."

The matter was left in Drumsheugh's hands, with Dr. Davidson as consulting counsel, and he would tell nothing for a fortnight. Then they saw in the Dunleith train that he was charged with tidings, and a meeting was held at the junction, Peter being forbidden to mention time and commanded to take the outcasts of Kildrummie up by themselves if they couldn't wait.

"The first man a mentioned it tae was oor Saunders, an' he said naethin' at the time, but he cam up in the forenicht, and slippit a note in ma hand. 'He didna pit mickle intae me,' says he, 'but he's daein'

PRESENTED TO

MR. PATRICK JAMIESON,

Late Schoolmaster of Drumtochty,

BY A FEW FRIENDS.

fine wi' the bairns.' Neebur' a thocht that meenut that the Glen wud dae something handsome.

"Next morning a gied a cry at the Free Manse, and telt Maister Carmichael. If he was na oot o' the room like a man possessed, and he gied me every penny he hed in the hoose—ten pund five shilling. And at the gate he waved his hat in the air, and cries 'The Jamieson Bursary.'

"It was ae note from one man an' three frae his neebur, an' twa shilling frae the cottars. Abody has dune his pairt, one hundred an' ninety-two pounds frae the Glen.

"We sent a bit letter tae the Drumtochty fouk in the Sooth, and they've sent fifty-eight pounds, wi' mony good wishes, an' whatna think ye have the auld scholars sent? A hundred an' forty pounds! An' last nicht we had three hundred an' ninety pounds."

"Ma word!" was all Hillocks found himself able to comment, "that wad get a richt snuff-box."

"Ye hev mair tae tell, Drumsheugh," said Jamie; "feenish the list."

"Ye're a wratch, Jamie," responded the treasurer of the Jamieson Bursary Fund. "Hoo did ye ken aboot the doctor? Says he tae me laist nicht, 'Here's a letter to Lord Kilspindie. Give it to him at Muirtown, and I would not say but he might make the sum up to four hundred.' So a' saw his lordship in his room, and he wrote a check and pit it in a letter, an' says he, 'Open that in the bank, Drumsheugh,' an' a' did. It was for ten pounds, wi' a hundred on tae't, making up five hundred pounds. Twenty pund a year tae a Drumtochty scholar forever. Jamie," said Drumsheugh, "ye've gotten yer bursary."

It was arranged that the meeting should be in the parish kirk, which in those days was used for nothing except divine worship; but the doctor declared this to be no exception to his rule.

"Kirk and school have been one in Scotland since John Knox's day, and one they shall be while I live in Drumtochty; we 'ill honor him in the kirk, for the good the dominie has done for the bairns and pure learning."

The meeting was delayed till Professor Ross had come home from Australia, with his F.R.S. and all his other honors, for he was marked out to make the presentation; and every Drumtochty scholar within reach was enjoined to attend. They came from Kildrummie at various hours and in many conveyances, and Hillocks checked the number at the bridge with satisfaction.

"Atween yesterday and the day," he reported to Jamie, in the afternoon, "aucht and twenty scholars hae passed, no including the professor, and there's fower expected by the next train; they'll be just in time," which they were to everybody's delight.

"It's a gude thing that bridge was mended; there's been fifty degrees gane over it the day, Hillocks, to sae naithin' o' a wecht o' knowledge."

The doctor had them all, thirty-three university men, with Domsie and Carmichael and Weelum MacLure, as good a graduate as any man, to dinner, and for that end had his barn wonderfully prepared. Some of the guests have written famous books since then, some are great preachers now, some are chief authorities to science, some have never been heard of beyond a little sphere, some are living, and some are dead; but all have done their part, and each man that night showed, by the grip of his hand and the look on his face, that he knew where his debt was due.

Domsie sat on the doctor's right hand, and the professor on his left, and a great effort was made at easy conversation, Domsie asking the professor three times whether he had completely recovered from the fever which had frightened them all so much in the Glen, and the professor congratulating the doctor at intervals on the decorations of the dinner hall. Domsie pretended to eat, and declared he had never made so hearty a dinner in his life, but his hands could hardly hold the knife and fork, and he was plainly going over the story of each man at the table, while the place rang with reminiscences of the old school among the pines.

Before they left the barn, Dr. Davidson proposed Domsie's health, and the laddies —all laddies that day—drank it, some in wine, some in water, every man from the heart, and then one of them—they say it was a quiet divine—started, in face of Dr. Davidson, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and there are those who dare to say that the doctor joined in with much gusto; but in these days no man's reputation is safe.

Domsie was not able to say much, but he said more than could have been expected. He called them his laddies for the last time, and thanked them for the kindness they were doing their old master. There was not an honor any one of them had won, from a prize in the junior humanity to the last degree, he could not

"THEN THEY WENT TO THE KIRK, WHERE DRUMTOCHTY WAS WAITING, AND AS DOMSIE CAME IN . . . THE PEOPLE ROSE."

mention. Before sitting down he said they all missed George Howe that day, and that Marget, his mother, had sent her greetings to the scholars.

Then they went to the kirk, where Drumtochty was waiting, and as Domsie came in with his family, the people rose, and would have cheered had they been elsewhere and some one had led. The doctor went into the precentor's desk and gave out the hundredth psalm, which is ever sung on great days and can never be sung dry; after which one of the thirty-three thanked the Almighty for all pure knowledge, all good books, all faithful teachers, and besought peace and joy for "our dear master in the evening of his days."

It was the professor who read the address from the scholars, and this was the last paragraph:

"Finally, we assure you that none of us can ever forget the parish school of Drumtochty, or fail to hold in tender remembrance the master who first opened to us the way of knowledge and taught us the love thereof.

"We are, so long as we live,

"Your grateful and affectionate

"SCHOLARS."

Then came the names with all the degrees, and the congregation held their breath to the last M.A.

"Now, Drumsheugh," said the doctor, and that worthy man made the great speech of his life, expressing the respect of the Glen for Domsie, assigning the glory of a great idea to Jamie Soutar, relating its triumphant accomplishment, describing the Jamieson Bursary, and declaring that while the parish lasted there would be a Jamieson scholar to the honor of Domsie's work. For a while Domsie's voice was very shaky when he was speaking about himself, but afterwards it grew strong and began to vibrate as he implored the new generation to claim their birthright of learning and to remember that "the poorest parish, though it have but bare fields and humble homes, can yet turn out scholars to be a strength and credit to the commonwealth."

The professor saw Domsie home, and noticed that he was shaking and did not wish to speak. He said good-by at the old schoolhouse, and Ross caught him repeating to himself:

"Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni—"

but he seemed very content.

Ross rose at daybreak next morning and wandered down to the schoolhouse, recalling at every step his boyhood and early struggles, the goodness of Domsie, and his life of sacrifice. The clearing looked very peaceful, and the sun touched with beauty the old weather-beaten building which had been the nursery of so many scholars, but which would soon be deserted forever. He pushed the door open, and started to see Domsie seated at the well-known desk and in his right hand firmly clasped the address which the scholars had presented to him. His spectacles were on his forehead, his left elbow was resting on the arm of the chair, and Ross recognized the old look upon his face. It came like a flash when a difficult passage had suddenly yielded up its hidden treasure, and Ross knew that Domsie was at last and completely satisfied.

A CLEAR MIDNIGHT.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

THIS is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou lovest best,
Night, sleep, death, and the stars.

From "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman;
David McKay, Publisher, Philadelphia.
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